All it took was a fallen building to see
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/32820715.

Rating:
Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warnings:
Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings, Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Categories:
Gen, M/M, Other

Fandom:
僕のヒーローアカデミア | Boku no Hero Academia | My Hero Academia

Relationships:
Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead/Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Midoriya Izuku & Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Midoriya Izuku & Shinsou Hitoshi, Eri & Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Eri, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Eri & Shinsou Hitoshi, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Eri & Shinsou Hitoshi & Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead & Eri & Midoriya Izuku & Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Midoriya Izuku/Todoroki Shouto, Midoriya Inko & Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku & Yagi Toshinori | All Might

Characters:
Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic, Eri (My Hero Academia), Shinsou Hitoshi, Todoroki Shouto, Yagi Toshinori | All Might, Midoriya Inko, Toyomitsu Taishirou | Fat Gum, Nezu, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead's Family, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead's Mother, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead's Father, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead's Parents, Tsukauchi Naomasa, Tamakawa Sansa, Shuuzenji Chiyo | Recovery Girl, Bakugou Katsuki

Additional Tags:
Parental Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Protective Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead Adopts Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku Needs A Hug, Hurt Midoriya Izuku, Zine: Dadzawa - An Aizawa Shota Zine 2019, Eri and Shinsou Hitoshi are Siblings, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead and Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic are Eri and Shinsou Hitoshi's Parents, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead and

Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic Adopt Midoriya Izuku, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead and Yamada Hizashi | Present Mic Adopt Eri and Shinsou Hitoshi, Abusive Midoriya Inko, Midoriya Inko's Bad Parenting, All might gets owned, Izuku Midoriya Cries, Minor Midoriya Izuku/Todoroki Shouto, Hurt/Comfort, Implied/ Referenced Child Abuse, Scars, Mild Blood, Izuku needs therapy, Aizawa family, inko goes to jail, aizawa has many cats, eri loves Izuku, Sad Midoriya Izuku, Mild Injuries, Bakugou gets busted, Aizawa finds out that midoriya was quirkless, hero cameos, Tears, lots and lots of tears, Midoriya Izuku and Shinsou Hitoshi Are Siblings, Midoriya Izuku & Shinsou Hitoshi Friendship, shinsou change of heart

Language:
English

Collections:
Izuku's Dads, OFA Reveal? OFA Reveal., Mori’s Favorite BNHA Fics!, Bnha ongoing fics, Completed BNHA Fics, Jay and Cayd's Dadzawa Fixes, mha fics that are my will to live, Finished Favs, Dadzawa Fics, Leídos ^^, My Fav BNHA Complete Works, seer’s dadzawa and izuku fics ☆, CKFTR, Emiko has read this□□, Comfort Fics, Ace's Favorite FIcs, 👌□ good shit, koala's recs, MHA dadzawa or dadmic and their zero-regrets family □, The Midoriya Izuku Archive, Dadzawa Soup for The Soul (TiaLee), Good Books To Read A Concerning Number of Times, BNHA keepers, Finished Reads (MHA), Done but good, I’ll come back, rae keeping track of her BNHA fics?!??!? woah, raes unread fics (no specific fandom) woah, My hero academia fics that I love, cute mha things, BNHA

Stats:
Published: 2021-07-25 Completed: 2021-12-25 Words: 32,196 Chapters: 9/9

All it took was a fallen building to see

by Silvers_whispers

Summary

After an accident that leave Aizawa and Izuku trapped together some new information comes to light and both of their lives will be changed forever. The missing pieces that fit the picture of Izuku midoriya will literally fall into his lap and he can't turn away from his student that had snuck into his heart.

Or: Aizawa finds out about Izuku's past and can't stand by any longer.

Notes

There is mild description of blood and injuries, nothing bad or will make you squeamish.

Chapter 1

He hadnt meant to find out the way he did.

Hell, he didn't think he would if found out at all if not for the circumstances.

He wasn’t really sure how it had happened, one moment he was fighting off some villains during a joint raid with a few other agencies when there was suddenly a huge explosion. The tremor made everyone stop, seconds later the ceiling came crashing down. “Shit!” Aizawa cursed to himself, he was too far from the exit to make it in time and neither did the villains around him that scrambled to the basement stairwell. They didn't make it.

He got barely a glance at the falling rubble, his fate sealed as he thought of his husband for the last time. Hizashi was going to be *so* mad at him, he had promised he’d be careful and he broke that promise. Shinsou was going to hate him, curse him for leaving him, that was fair. Eri might not hate him, but she’d be heart broken, most likely cry her eyes out and retreat back into her shell. He only hoped they would forgive him. Then there was a sound. A shout of his name, “Sensei! Look out!” He knew that voice. Suddenly before his brain could go any farther he felt a pair of arms wrap around his waist. Green lightning flashed in the corner of his eyes as he was tackled to the left, then darkness.

Cough! Cough! Cough!* The labored coughs greeted Aizawa’s blurry vision as he came too. The air was thick with dust and floating concrete dust like a fog. He felt something warm drip down his cheeks and onto the floor he was laying on. His brain felt as though it was racing and going slower than ever at the same time as he realised he wasnt dead. He wasn't dead. How could that be? He should be crushed under tons of rubble, what-

“Midoriya!” He realised, sitting up as quickly as he could only for his head to his solid rock. His head burned, everything was spinning from the concussion he most likely had. Even with a concussion he knew the sound of the problem child that had wormed his way into his cold heart. And that child had just tackled him being crushed, but was nowhere to be seen. He realised the space he was in was small, only high enough for him to sit slightly up without bashing his head again. The rubble had been precariously settled to where he had not been crushed, that's when he realized the space was under the stairs. The

stairs were pure stone and had a small storage space that had been empty, the only reason he knew that was because he had pulled two men from underneath that had meant to ambush him.

But that wasn't super important at the moment. Much slower this time he raised his head at the sound of pained whining. "Midoriya?" He called out, voice scratchy from the dust. It was silent for a moment before there was another pained whine, "S. . sensei?. . .are you. . a-alright?" It was problem child's voice. He wasn't sure if he should be happy or angry at hearing it. "I'm as well as i can be, where are you?"

"O-Over. . . here. B-Be careful- ugh!- one wrong move. . . could make. . . the building collapse. . ." The boy's voice was weak, barely a whisper of pain and it worried Aizawa. Even when Midoriya had broken his bones dozens of times he'd never sounded this. . . in pain. Following the labored breaths he slowly turned on his stomach moving slow and carefulfully, but everything was as dark as night. He reached for a small flashlight he always carried in his belt and clicked it on flooding the small space with light.

The first thing he saw was red. ***Lots of red.*** He had only assumed the smell of blood was from his bleeding nose, but this was so much worse. The blood puddle led to a familiar costume of green, the boy was laying on his back just a few feet from him. Aizawa's heart stopped. Midoriya's only movements were shallow breaths that were few and far between, he quickly scrambled over to the boy as fast as he could.

"I-It's not. . . as bad. . looks." The boy tried to say, but his slurred words left zero room for comfort. "Shit kid!" It was even worse. Both of Midoriya's legs were pinned by the rubble, blood seeping from under the jagged stones that pierced his legs. His costume was being stained red but the rest of him looked relatively unharmed aside from some scratches and bruises. But the blood loss was concerning as it made it hard to tell if the boy had a concussion or was just getting wozy. Midoriya's face was pale, but immediately became relieved when he saw his teacher's face come into view. Bleary green eyes filled with tears soon after and silently ran down his cheeks, "Y-You're alright. . .*thank god.*"

"That doesn't matter right now kid, we need to get you out of here."

"No! Don't!" Aizawa immediately freezes at the boy's desperate cries, "If you try to move me, the ceiling might collapse. Just a single movement could damage the precarious internal structure and off

balance the supporting rubble allowing it to collapse.” Aizawa huffed, hating that the boy was right. His legs were pinned by a large slab that held up most of the rubble, removing him would mean their death. “Guess we’re stuck here for a while.”

“I-I’m s-s-sorry sensei. I sh-should have g-gotten here f-f-faster-” The boy cried, but Aizawa shushed him with a swipe of the hair, “Stop right there problem child, you have nothing to apologize for. If anything I should be thanking you.”

“N-No you shouldn't, w-w-ere stuck down here because i was useless. Because I wasn't fast enough.”

“Midor-” Midoriya was bawling, guilty tears like waterfalls into his dark hair. Aizawa was shocked, he knew Midoriya didn’t have the best confidence, but this was something else entirely. He could probably guess the boy was a bit more dramatic since he had lost a lot of blood and wasn’t thinking as clearly as usual.

“I’ve failed! S-Some s-sucs-s-esor I am!” That caught Aizawa’s attention. “Successor? Successor of what?” But Midoriya couldn’t respond as he was too far gone in his hysterics, breathing short and shallow with his body shaking like a leaf. He was having a panic attack. Aizawa quickly picked up Midoriya’s head and placed it on his lap, “Midoriya? Midoriya? Can you hear me? Izuku?” The boy’s green eyes opened at that, Aizawa sighed in relief that his student wasn't too far gone. But his student’s once bright eyes had turned dark and glazed, seemingly far away. “Can I touch you?” Midoriya managed to give him a small frantic nodding between his shuddering breaths. He gently ran his fingers through the green curls letting them bounce back into place before repeating the motion. “Izuku, I need you to take a deep breath. Can you do that for me?”

“I-I cant!”

“Yes you can. There isn’t anything I've told you to do that you can’t do. Except maybe stay put during any kind of crisis. A little breathing will be easy. Alright? Take a deep breath in.” Aizawa exaggerated his own breathing for the boy to follow, which after a few more tries he got one as close as possible. Aizawa praised him as they continued until the boy’s shuddering breath had calmed to just sniffles, but his tears continued. “There you go, good job kid. Good job. Feel any better?” He asked quietly, Midoirya’s eyes met him with an expression that said not really. “Well, why don’t we get your mind off of things, we are going to be together for a little while until the rescue teams

can get here."

"L-Like what?" Aizawa sighed in relief in his head when Midoriya spoke and gave a thinking like hum. "Why don't you answer my question from earlier. What are you the successor of?"

"I-I'm not supposed to tell you. I s-shouldn't have said t-that. I'm going to be in trouble again." The older man raised an eyebrow at the greenette's panicked response. He just watched as Midoriya covered his face with his shaky hands, he was muttering quietly and the only thing he could make out was "All Might said so?"

The boy froze, clamping his hands over his mouth as his tears started to pick up speed again, body shaking like a leaf. "Hey now, don't panic, you're not in trouble." He assuredly ran another hand into his curls when the boy flinched away, his trembling nearly doubled after it dawned on his face what he had done. His ragged gasps started to pick up again as he tried to remove himself from Aizawa's lap, a stream of *"imsorryimsorryimsorryimsorryimsorryimsorry-" spilled from his mouth faster than his own tears. Honestly Aizawa found himself at a loss, he wasn't good with emotions- that was his husband's territory.*

Wait his husband, that's it!

"I'm sorry, please don't expel me. I'm sorry I wont say anything else. Im sorry, im sorry, im sorry, i'm sorry i was bad and useless and-"

"Izuku? Izuku please stay calm, you're not in trouble, not with me and not with All Might. How about I make you a deal?"

"A-A deal? Why-" The poor boy stopped his squirming looking back up at his teacher with hesitant eyes. Aizawa gave a small smile, one he didn't use unless it's with his own kids and the few he actually liked. "I'll tell you one of my secrets if you want to tell me yours, that way it's fair and you can be assured I won't tell anyone. As long as you don't tell mine."

"W-Why? Why tell me? Why not just force m-me to tell you what it is?" He let out a soft hiccup, "All the others did."

"Others?"

"M-My past teachers, if they found out I was hiding something- even when I wasn't, they would make- they would-" Aizawa felt the pit in his stomach grow heavy, the unsaid statement weighing heavier the more it came into view. He wasn't stupid, he's had several instances with the behavior Midoriya was implying. Both in his own past and his son who had also

suffered. He was disappointed he hadn't noticed sooner. The nervous ticks, the refusal to look any teacher in the eyes, the reluctance to talk about- really anything with any kind of adult, it was deafeningly clear. Yet it was now with Midoriya's slight blood loss, hazy state that his lips were becoming looser than usual. Aizawa berated himself that this is what it took for him to realize. "They would yell at me, punish me and send me t- to the principal. Even for things I didn't do." It made Aizawa's blood boil. "I would never do that to you Izuku, do you think i would do that? Treat you so unfairly?"

"N-No it's not that it's just. . . I'm nothing but a problem, a useless kid that causes you nothing but problems and grief just by being around. I-It's my name a-after all, D-Deku t-t-the problem ch-child. That's all I seem to do." The man suddenly wants to kick himself, "Izuku, do you think me calling you a problem child is an insult?"

"N-Not if it's true. I bring nothing but trouble and problems. I'm just a useless deku that you should have expelled on the first day. I-I don't deserve to be in the hero course." Midoriya had fallen back into hysterics, talking in between hiccups and tears about anything that entered his haze filled mind. "I-i don't deserve this power, I don't know why he chose me. There were so many other options that aren't as useless and difficult as me." Aizawa knows he should try to calm the boy down before he gets too riled up, but the more the boy blubbered the more puzzle pieces came into the light.

The puzzle of Midoriya Izuku had been on his mind since he met the boy on the first day, seeing his lack of control ready to write it off as an overconfident student, but then looked him in the eye when he threw that ball. Ever since then he'd been trying to puzzle together who the boy was, at every turn he was surprised and even more lost. He knew All Might was involved, but it seemed more than Aizawa had originally thought. And the more he listened the more pieces seemed to fall into his palm to place. Successor?deserved power? other options? ***All Might?*** *But that didn't make any sense, not unless- but that was impossible. Right? "Izuku did All Might give you a quirk?" He asked and the boy fell silent, eyes wide in shock but completely silent. No crying, no hiccups, no whimpers, just staring into the darkness and silence. "Izuku?"*

"I-If I say yes. . . will i b-be ex-expelled?" That was confirmation enough for the realization to slap Aizawa across the face. What All Might was so interested in the boy, why he came to UA in the first place, why they were both so similar. There were still details out of view, but a shadow of fear rose from the back of his head. Worry stirred the longer it mulled over the implications of what that could mean. He hoped it wasn't true and him just

looking at the dark side of things. “When did he give it to you?”

Another wave of silence. “You're not going to be expelled, or get in trouble. But I need to know, when did he give it to you?”

.

.

.

.

.

“The day- the day of the entrance exam.”

“Fuck.” He cursed, running a hand over his face in annoyance. He looked back down at the boy whose head had been turned, arms wrapped around his head and neck, muscles tense and waiting. That body language was protecting vital areas, clearly deliberate and perfected for the least amount of damage.

He was expecting Aizawa to strike him.

To lay his hands on him, to hurt him, and seemed surprised when the hit never came. “I-Im not mad at you kid. If anything you should be mad at me, if i had known i never would have treated you the way i did.”

“I’m not fragile.” Midoriya huffed, almost angry, maybe exasperated. Which was reasonable. “I never thought you were. But I'm correct to assume you were. . . without a quirk before that point?” Midoriya looked up a bit surprised at not hearing the angry name he’d been screamed at and constantly reminded of, instead at Aizawa’s guilty gaze. “Yeah, I was quirkless for fourteen years.”

“You didn't have a quirk for fourteen years, then got a superpowered quirk the day of the entrance exam. It’s no wonder you had zero control. I’m sorry, I should have checked why you had zero control sooner, I had assumed you were someone who just coasted by with a powerful quirk and didn’t bother to train.”

“I see, I could see why you would think that. I mean, Kacchan thinks I look down on him so who knows what others see me as. I’m pretty sure that’s why Shinsou doesn’t like me.” Midoriya muttered to himself, going still in his teacher's lap, completely missing his surprised face. “You think Shinsou

doesn't like you?"

"Well, I had tried to approach him after the festival to see if he wanted to be friends. I thought maybe I could help him prepare to get to the hero course somehow. He'd make an awesome hero, you know. But he just told me he didn't want my help, and that he didn't want me to keep bothering him. So I left him alone after that." He sighed, wiping some of his tears away. He seemed to have finally calmed down, evident by the tears no longer dripping down his now reddened cheeks. Aizawa just patted him on the head, making a note to talk to his son about that certain piece of information. They sat in silence for a while, both collecting their thoughts. "It's called One for All."

"Huh?"

"All Might's quirk, it's called One for All. He passed it on to me. So I guess it's my quirk now." Midoriya then told him everything he knew. About All for One's history, about it's previous holders, about how he obtained it- although Aizawa was suspecting he was leaving some things out. He didn't tell him how the two had met. But the boy was already telling him so much so he didn't push him any farther. Aizawa would ask occasional questions, but it seemed not even Midoriya knew everything. Which was concerning but for another time.

Once he was done Aizawa could tell the boy was getting tired, but they couldn't risk him falling asleep until they got help. So he just continued to run his hand through the green curls, watching Midoriya fiddle with his white gloves. "You're really not going to expel me right? Even though I lied to you?" He asked hesitantly. "And what did you lie to me about?"

"I didn't tell you I was Quirkless. Or about One for All"

"So keeping something private that had caused you pain in the past from someone you didn't trust not to harm you, is a warrant of expulsion?" He hummed, watching Midoriya bite his lip before hesitating, " I suppose not."

"Then there you go. And it looks like it was time for me to hold up my side of the deal."

"Y-You don't have to!" The boy tried to assure him but Aizawa just stared him down with blank eyes. "It's only fair, you did just tell me a really big secret. Although I don't know if mine can compare." Aizawa shifted a bit so he could reach under his shirt in a secret pocket sewn in at the collar. He grasped the cold chain and pulled it out, letting it dangle over the boy's eyes. The ring was simple gold, with a few engravings on the inside. "I'm married."

“I-I know.”

“You do?” The boy chuckled nervously, “Well, I notice that you reach to play with your ring finger sometimes when you're upset or stressed, I remember my mom used to do that to her wedding ring a lot when I was younger before they divorced. And when I came downstairs once after I had woken up from a- a n-nightmare, I saw you getting coffee and the ring was on your finger.” He explained, hands moving unconsciously as he talked. Aizawa often forgot how observant some of his student’s were, especially Midoriya. Under all that crazy curls and stuttering demeanor there was a pretty smart kid. And he was sure that even under that, there was more hiding that has yet to see the light. “Do you know who I'm married to?”

“I-I have my theories. So does Todoroki, sorry I told him my suspicions. But just him I promise!”

“It's alright, I figured as much. You don’t seem like the kind to go around telling everybody's secrets. I’m sure you know plenty of Todoroki’s secrets you know not to share.” The offhand comment had meant to be innocent, teasing even, but the small sharp breath of Midoriya made him glance back down with suspicious eyes. “We’ll get back to that suspicious reaction later. Right now I think I want to know who you two think it is.”

“U-Uh well, we kinda made a bet. Shouto thinks that your spouse doesn’t work at UA. But I know a bit more of what people in love look like, or at least I think I do. I think you're married to Mic Sensei, maybe seven or eight years. But I'm probably wrong.” Aizawa chuckled, he didn't even try to hide the fact that he was smiling. “What? Was that a weird guess, I'm sorry. It looked like it but maybe you guys are just good friends or-”

“You just won your bet.”

“Really?! Yes! Shouto owes me 5500 yen!” He cheered to himself, throwing his arms to the side in celebration. Aizawa hid his warm smile in his scarf, the kid was clearly tired so the little cheer was so cute. If Hizashi were here he probably would have adopted the kid on the spot. He was sure Eri would love that, her favorite hero being her big brother. He wasn't sure about Shinsou based on what the greenette had told him.

He felt the greenette snuggle into his thighs, arms wrapped around himself and he looked like a child. Not the strong, somewhat responsible teen in his classroom who couldn’t stay out of people's business leaving him in scars. He looked like a kid, an everyday kid with no problems in the world. No expectations, no weight of the world on his shoulders, just encroaching

sleep. “Izuku, I need you to listen to me alright. You are an incredible hero, you’ve barely had your quirk for a year yet you’ve made leaps and bounds to keep up. You're kind and selfless, sticking yourself into anyone's problems just to know if you can help. Even determined to do so even if your life is at risk. Whether you think it or not, you are a hero- a young one of course- but a hero nonetheless. I know any number of people who will tell you that, but I'm sure Eri is right up front. Don’t let her hear you don't think so, she might actually fight you on it.” Midoriya chuckled at the thought, eyes still droopy but listened to his teacher's voice a bit longer. “I don't say this to kids often, but thank you. I am very proud of you for how much you’ve grown, and how you will continue to grow. I will always be here, and now that I know a bit more of your situation I can change my plans accordingly and make your training better suited for you. And when I call you problem child I do not mean it as an insult- you're not a problem, not a bad one- but you tend to get yourself into some tricky situations which can lead to trouble. But I say it with affection, i dont give nicknames to students I don't like.”

“Thanks sensei.” The kid yawned as he squished his freckled cheek into Aizawa’s lap, “You know you were always my second favorite hero. I thought you were so cool.”

“I'm honored, kid. Get some rest, the rescuers should make it down to our position soon.”

“How will they know?”

“I have a tracker on the base of my knife sheath for cases like this. I turned it on as soon as I went into the basement.” Midoriya gave a like understanding sound and some mumbles about how smart he was before his eyes finally fell asleep. Breath evened out but Aizawa made sure to keep an eye on it as he waited, allowing everything he’d just learned to really sink in.

He and All Might were going to have words when this was over. Some very ***harsh*** *and* ***angry*** *words.*

Nezu as well if he felt like it. His mother too, he knew the statistics, heck he was part of the statistics, so he’d be checking out the kids home life just in case he needed to take. . . measures. He only hoped he was wrong. But he’d worry about that later, right now he just had to watch Midoriya until help arrived, which hopefully would be soon. He was getting tired too. He subconsciously rolled his ring in his hand, itching to take it off the chain and slip it back on his finger. He caught himself and smiled, “You really are full of surprises. What else do you have tumbling around in your

brain?" He ran his hand through the poor boy's curls and gave into his desire, quickly slipping on the gold band. He too felt his mind start to grow tired.

Maybe just a quick nap. He allowed himself to plunge into darkness, leaning on the rubble and a single hand intertwined with green curls.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> I want to thank everyone's enthusiastic comments. They've totally made my week. I want to thank @bnhafanficrecs on Tiktok who apparently posted about my story! Thank you so much, I'm glad a you lied it enough to make a story about it. Secondly shout out to users
>
> *Beach42*
>
> and
>
> *Hinata's_sunshine*
>
> for bringing this amazing act of grace and the name. And thank you to everyone else who commented or left Kudos!

When he started to stir he heard soft crying and a pressure on his arm and stomach, both warm and shaking. He forced his led heavy eyes to crack open, hissing at the fluorescent lights burning his retinas. "W-What time is it?"

"Sho! Thank god!" His husband, hair down and messy yet still the prettiest angel he knows, came into view. The blonde caressed his cheek lovingly as he let out a few shuddering breaths, his eyes were red from crying. Aizawa felt guilty, turning his head and placing a kiss on Hizashi's palm. "I'm sorry, I tried not to sleep too long." His voice was still scratchy, but he felt significantly better than before. He relished in his lover's light laugh, "Well you've only been asleep for a few hours, thirteen at most."

"Not too bad I guess." Before either of the adults could say anymore Aizawa was tackled by two smaller bodies, one squeezing his chest and the other gripping his arm like a lifeline. Looking down he met shiny red eyes gushing with tears, "You're ok!"

"Yes Eri, I'm sorry I scared you. But I'm alright, just a little tumble is all."

"You should be sorry, you nearly gave Pops a heart attack when they called. He nearly destroyed all the glasses in the house when they told him you nearly got crushed." His son, who was gripping his arm,

trying to seem calm and collected as he gave his dad a disapproving look. He just ruffled his kids' hair as he slowly sat up with the help of Hizashi. His left arm had been wrapped and he could feel some on his chest and leg. “Doc said nothing too bad, just some scratching and bruising. You also had a concussion but one of the nurses healed you once you arrived. They were more worried you’d broken or fractured something from all the rubble when they pulled you out. You might want to call Fatgum and Cementoss some time later to assure them you're alright, you gave them quite the scare.”

“I will, I'll do it when I'm discharged this afternoon.”

“Oh no! You're staying here *overnight* and taking the next *week off* from hero work. Nezu’s orders. Only teaching once *I've* deemed you rested enough.”

“So never?” Aizawa joked with a raised eyebrow, but cracked a bit under Hizashi’s stern glare. He relented, agreeing and immediately being pulled into an excited conversation with Eri about what they could do while he was on house arrest. Hitoshi Left with Hizashi to get everyone some drinks- and probably for Hizashi to help Hitoshi settle his nerves a bit- leaving the room practically empty. Eri had moved up onto the bed, snuggled under her father’s arm as they spoke quietly. “Daddy?”

“Yes?”

“Will Deku be ok? He’s still sleeping.” Aizawa nearly cursed aloud, he had forgotten about Midoriya. “Do you know where he is?” he asked, Eri nodded and pointed to the curtain that split down the room. Aizawa moved the curtain to peek and sucked in a breath. Midoriya looked terrible. His entire upper chest was wrapped, the rest was covered by a hospital blanket but he knew the boy’s legs were probably worse. He was hooked up to several IV’s and a heart monitor that beeped steadily giving him some comfort. He was still as a statue, oxygen mask fogging giving the only indication that he was breathing. Sitting on the sliver of his bare shoulder was a scar, it was large and jagged stretching from his shoulder blade down under the white bandages. While at first it may have seemed it was from one of the attacks, it was too old. Maybe a few years as it’s color had settled to a white and not an angry red. A similar one was peeking out on the back of the boy’s neck although it wasn’t as deep. No doubt there were more hidden under all the bruises and the large expanse of bandages. It didn’t sit well with Aizawa one bit.

But he was alive, better than nothing he supposed.

Red caught his eye in the white environment, on the other side of the bed sat another one of his students. Todoroki. He was seated in a chair at Midoriya's bedside, bandaged hand clasped in his tightly. Todoroki seems to have fallen asleep, head on the mattress facing the unconscious boy. "Mr. Todoroki got here a little after we did."

"How did he know?"

"I think he told Dad that he was on his *em-emerg*-emergency! On his emergency paper. Like how Dad is on yours." That raised some flags, but considering how close the two were it wasn't completely surprising. He was sure Todoroki put Midoria's number as one of his emergency contacts once the two toned boy had started his own work studies. "I think Deku will be just fine. He just needs to rest a little longer than me, since he saved me."

"He saved you?!" Eri asked excitedly, the girl was practically obsessed with her Hero Deku. She'd always run up to him in the common room to ask about some of his rescues or adventures or go to his dorm room when she had a nightmare about Overhaul. "He did, if it weren't for him I'd still be sleeping too."

"Deku is such a good hero!"

"When he wakes up, you should tell him that. I bet he'd love to hear it." Eri beamed, promising she would as soon as he did wake up. She sat back down when Hizashi came back, "Eri, I have a special job for you."

"What is it Dad?"

"Hitoshi's feeling a little down. Do you think you could go with him to the cafeteria. Make sure he's alright then report back to us." The girl enthusiastically nodded, slipping off the bed after giving Aizawa's head a little kiss. She jogged out the door and Hizashi waited until she made it to Hitoshi who was a bit farther down the hall before she walked inside. He closed the door and let out a huge breath, "You need to talk to him next."

"Alright." HIzashi quickly walked over and pulled Aizawa close. They shared a quick kiss before they just rested in each other's arms. Aizawa petted Hizashi's hair as the man let out a few tears into his shoulder, no words were spoken, just them. "When Cementoss called to tell us what happened, I felt like it was the USJ all over again. I

know you can handle yourself but it still scares me to death."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to make you worry. The raid didn't go as planned, they had more muscle then we had anticipated. Not to mention their base was practically empty, it was a bust." Their embrace grew tighter at the implied statement but neither acknowledged it outloud. Once the blond's tears had dried they pulled apart, hands still intertwined as they caught their breath. Aizawa glanced back at the thin curtain, "Did the doctors say anything about Midoriya?"

"Since we're his guardians at UA they let me have the rundown. He woke up for a little while but it wasn't more than a few minutes before he fell back asleep. His legs took the most damage but luckily nothing was broken. His new leg braces from Mei were strong enough to keep enough pressure from the rubble from breaking the bone. Bless that girl. But he did have some torn muscle that's still being healed. He lost a lot of blood from some gashes on the legs, probably from the rubble or maybe a villain, he was taken into surgery as soon as he got here. Just as a precaution as they worked on the muscles. The rest of it was somewhat minor, sprained wrist, cuts and bruises but no head injury. They say he'll make a full recovery and Recovery Girl said she'll drop by once he regains some energy." Aizawa let out a breath he was holding, he had no doubt the boy would be alright- he's too stubborn not to come back a week later and fight god knows what other villain decided to pop up. But it was good to know that he hadn't caused irreparable damage. His relief paused; however when he saw his husband's face, he looked worried. "What's wrong?"

"You both have been here for over half a day, yet no one has *heard* anything from his mother. Even *Toshinori* tried but she hasn't picked up."

"Maybe she's working?"

"I sent one of my interns to the clinic she worked at but nobody has seen her today. I guess she had a vacation week but when they went to the apartment she wasn't there either. Honestly, I have a bad feeling about this." The alarm bells were going off louder than Bakugou's explosions. "Call Tsukauchi, ask him to get on it. If anybody can find her it's him, and I need someone we can trust. We had some interesting conversations while underground, and I'm concerned."

"Tell me about it later, you need to rest. I'll wake you up if anything

happens with the little listener." Aizawa didn't really realize how tired he was, the healing was affecting him more than he had anticipated. He let himself be laid down but both men stopped when the curtain moved. Todoroki peeked around the curtain and met his teacher's eye, "Sensei, I'm glad you're awake. How are you feeling?"

"Tired and sore but nothing I haven't done before. How are you?"

"I'm fine sensei. Midoriya was asking about you when he woke up, I assured him you were ok. You *are* really ok right?" The boy pressed, blank stare not having as much of an impact with his messed up hair. His eyes were also rimmed red, evidence of tears he most likely cried at Midoriya's side. "I'm really alright, i'll be discharged tomorrow morning. I'm only staying because I'm being forced. Have you been home since you arrived?"

"No, I don't really want to leave. I'm just nervous I suppose."

"That's understandable, but do try to rest where you're comfortable. I don't think Midoriya would like to know you were worrying over him and neglecting your health." Todoroki flushed but gave a small nod and went to walk back behind the curtain but Aizwa called out to him, "Yes Sensei?"

"You owe him 5500 yen by the way." Todoroki looked shocked for a moment before he gave a small laugh, "Yeah I do. There goes my theory down the drain."

"Who did you think I was married to?" There was a somewhat awkward silence, Hizashi in the middle trying to understand and not laugh at the same time. Todoroki gulped before speaking, "You come off as a person who would refuse to work in the same place as your spouse but not the kind to marry a random civilian. So I thought you were married to Mrs. Joke. I mean she gave you plenty of advances during the licensing exams." Hizashi exploded at that, his laughter filling the room and silence. Aizawa just looked Todoroki dead in the eyes and mouth ***'Why?'*** Todoroki just shrugged before disappearing.

He was never going to live this down.

When he woke up the second time his family had gone- he had told Hizashi to take the kids home so they could sleep before coming back to visit. He recognized soft crying immediately sitting up and pulling off his covers, "Wha-" A hand cut him off, the hand belonged to Tsukauchi who looked somber. He glanced towards the curtain where the crying was from, seeing Midoriya awake crying into Todoroki's

arms while All Might and a few other police officers stood nearby. All Might was petting the boys back as he sobbed into his classmates chest. It broke his heart at Midoriya's warbled and distraught sobs. He turned back to the Tsukauchi who had removed his hat, "Good to see you're doing alright."

"What's going on?"

"We have news on Inko Midoriya. She's. . . *missing."*

"Missing?" The detective sighed and sat on the foot of the bed, the rim of his hat being twisted with his nervous fingers. "We got a call from Todoroki, saying the Midoriya apartment had been trashed. He had gone to see if Mrs. Midoriya was home and got some things he thought Midoriya might want when he woke up. But when he got inside he said the place had been practically torn apart, so he called us. There was no blood or a body and it didn't show any signs of a struggle."

"If it wasn't a struggle then what happened?" AIzawa urged, getting a little upset at the beating around the bush to try and lay it on him delicately. At his glare the detective gave in, "She's abandoned him."

"W-What?"

"All her clothes were missing, all the cash in the house we could find had been collected as well as any suitcases. The boy's room was untouched along with the kitchen, it seemed she was going for the essentials. A neighbor said they had seen her leaving with several bags- although at the time they thought she might be packing to finally go on a vacation. She. . . she also left a note on Midoriya's door."

"Let me see it."

"Now Eraser-"

"Now." He practically ripped the paper out of the man's hand and brought it up to his face to read.

Izuku,

I'm sorry baby, but I can't do this anymore. My heart can't take it, worrying about when you were going to get killed and I was going to be given the call. You're too delicate for hero work but I let you go so you could see for yourself and give up your silly dream. But you didn't. You

developed a quirk out of nowhere that destroys your body and you insist on continuing. When I wanted to take you out of the course you argued with me, who was just thinking of your safety and well being, into staying. I couldn't really say no when the number one hero was crouching before me. I was willing after that, hoping that those dorms would keep you out of trouble, but when you go out galavanting, risking your life for a single child who the pro's could have saved on their own. But did you ever consider my feelings? I raised you for fifteen years, ten after your father left because you were too weak to manifest a quirk. Were you ever grateful, no. Were you grateful that I had to work twice as hard to support you yet you did nothing in return, just asked for more merch and my love. I was suffering, but I kept a smile on because I am a good mother. But I can't do it a day longer. I can't take your selfishness anymore. So I'm leaving for myself. I left enough money for food for the next few month's and the apartment is paid off until the end of the year. I don't know when you'll see this, but this is goodbye.

Good luck, Mother

Aizawa hasn't wanted to commit murder this hard since they found out about Overhaul, but this was different. Eri's grandfather didn't just leave Eri to Overhaul to be experimented on, hell the old man didn't even know about it until after he had woken up in the hospital. Midoriya's mother has just abandoned him because she was overwhelmed. He nearly ripped the letter apart. "Has he seen this?"

"Yes, we needed him to confirm if this was his mother's handwriting and not just a throw off of an actual robbery. It's hers."

"Do you have people looking for her yet?" The detective nodded. "We've got squad cars and even some heroes out looking for her."

"You got hero's to help? They don't usually do this kind of work."

"Well, more like Fatgum overheard while he was at the police station and called in some help. Most of the hero's from the Shie Hassaikai raid are out looking for her. Even Rock Lock agreed to help." Aizawa growled, he'd help too, if he wasn't confined to bed. If they didn't find her soon he just might, the more Midoriya's heart wrenching sobs went on the harder it got to just sit still. The rest of the police officers had left the boy's and All Might alone and made their way out into the hall, telling Tsukauchi they were heading back to the cars to get back to the station.

Midoriya was still buried in Todoroki's chest- who had moved onto

the bed to hug the boy closer- they were rocking back and forth while the stoic boy ran his hands through Midoriya's hair. All Might had taken off his giant jack and draped it over both boys and was getting Midoriya some water from a nearby pitcher. Todoroki was whispering in his ear, slow and elaborate, when he suddenly made eye contact with Aizawa. Turning his head slightly he mouthed "Help him" to the older man before turning back to his hiccuping friend who had passed out on the boy's shoulder. All Might just placed the water on the side table and placed a comforting hand on the two-toned teen's shoulder, "Call me if anything changes or if you need me my boy."

"I will, thank you sir." The lanky blonde ruffled Midoriya's green curls before he gathered his things to leave. Before he could close the door Aizawa cleared his throat, "Oh Aizawa, I'm glad you're doing well."

"You find out anything about his mother, you contact me immediately, no matter what my husband says." He threatened with one of his harshest glares, "And you and I will be having a ***serious*** conversation soon about that boy." All Might gulped, but said nothing as he exited the room. Aizawa took a breath to try and calm his anger, because if he didn't he might actually leave and commit murder. Removing his blanket he swung his legs over the side of the bed- not getting up because he promised- and reached to his jumpsuit pockets. He found his phone and shot a quick message to Hizashi to ask the principal for his assistance. He knew that Nezu would do the job plenty well, and would have the amount of restraint not to murder her on sight.

Taking a deep breath he ran a frustrated hand through his hair, this kept unravelling more and more by the hour. "Sensei? Are you alright? Do you want me to call a nurse?" Todoroki asked when he heard his teacher move. The two-toned boy still held Midoriya in his arms, he was holding onto Todoroki's sweater with a death grip even while he was out cold. "No thank you Todoroki, I'm more mentally upset than physically."

"I know what you mean." Todoroki growled, sitting his chin in Midoriya's green curls. "It has to have been a few hours- maybe even a day since she left."

"How do you know?"

"I noticed when I got to his apartment that the heater was off but the apartment was still pretty warm. In an apartment, small heaters usually last longer since the airflow is less. Last time I visited the

house was rather warm, said they liked it better that way. It's the complete opposite of my house. The apartment, while not cold, still had lingering heat. That's how i knew something was wrong."

"Hmm. . . she can't have gotten too far and i doubt she left the country. We'll keep looking for her, and you should go back home before curfew." Aizawa gave Todoroki his best hardened gaze leaving no room for argument, the boy just sighed and nodded. Todoroki carefully removed Midoriya's death grip and cradled the back of his head as he laid him back down onto the pillows. He pulled the thin hospital blanket up to his chin, paused for a moment before he took off his letterman style jacket- which had one white sleeve and one red sleeve respectively- and draped over the boy. Aizawa watched in curious silence as Todoroki swept Midoriya's green curls from his forehead to place a soft kiss on his brow.

Todoroki left the room after whispering to the sleeping boy and bidding his teacher goodbye, hesitating a bit before he fully closed the door. Once his footsteps had disappeared into the cacophony of the hospital chatter Aizawa let out a giant groan of frustration. Everything seemed to keep getting worse, and he had a feeling there was still more that laid beneath the surface. He texted his husband to see if he could make some warm soup or bowl of noodles for him and the kid, heaven knows that boy is starving and he didn't want to eat hospital food. He tossed his phone aside after that and just stared at the kid's tearstained face that had been squished into the pillows. It wasn't often that Aizawa made real connections with his students, but this year's class got to him.

And his problem child was right at the front of it all. His bravery and bull headedness were what impressed- and worried- Aizawa from the start. And he's proven time and time again that he had the makings of a great hero, it hurt him to know the kid didn't think so. That he was just a burden and a problem, someone who's only in the way of everybody else.

It reminded him of Bakgou's words. But that's a can he needs to open at a different time, when Midoriya is a bit more emotionally stable. For now he needed to be there for the boy.

Aizawa: Can you set up the spare room?

Hubby: Already on it.
Hubby: Do you think I should go get some of his stuff?

: Maybe just some clothes from the dorms. And those weird notebooks of his.
Aizawa: Have you called Nezu? We're gonna need the guardian paperwork.

Hubby: No need.
Hubby: He sent over the paperwork a few hours ago, all it needs now is your signature.

: drop that off with the food.
.
.
.
Aizawa: Thank you Hizashi.
Aizawa: I couldn't do this without you.

Hubby: Your welcome love.
Hubby: But thank me later, be there for the little lisenter.
Hubby: He needs some people in his corner.

Aizawa: I will
Aizawa: And bring Eri with you tomorrow

Hubby: Will do! Get some rest.

Aizawa: I'll try

Aizawa did not go back to sleep, instead he gave Cementoss and Fatgum a call. Cementoss was happy that his coworker and student were alright, as well as apologizing that it took so long to find them. Aizawa just waved it off. *"Will you be making it back in time for classes or should I get Snipe to take over?"*

"I should be fine before break ends, that is if Hizashi or Nezu lets me come back to work."

"Ah, I see. Well good luck with that. How is Midoriya?"

"Doctors said he should heal fine, nothing to worry about aside from some blood loss and maybe his current mental state."

"We heard about his mother from All Might. Nezu's looking for her as we speak." Cementoss's voice was strained, with good reason. Whenever Nezu looked for anyone he always found them, ***always.*** And usually it didn't end well for them. Aizawa gave a small prayer for the women, hoping that Nezu wouldn't kill her so he could. But at this point she

was fair game. The principle had also taken a great liking to Midoriya, they had started having regularly scheduled tea and chess sessions a few times a month. Apparently Midoriya was one of the best players he's met in a while, which gives him a challenge.

He didn't really realize how bad that actually was until a few days after Nezu had made that comment. If Mioriya could play chess with the principle. . . . then they were all in danger.

He often forgot how smart the boy was sometimes. He had stellar grades and was great at battle strategies, but even that was just a scratch on the surface. Aizawa had really started to notice when the class was fighting Mirio and Midoriya had predicted his moves enough not to be surprised. Even before that at the report of the USJ and of the Kamino Ward.

He was almost scared to see how smart he *actually* was.

"I can talk to Hound Dog about visiting if you'd like." Cementoss offered but Aizawa declined, "I think he wants to keep this under wraps for now. I wouldn't blame him. Maybe we can schedule some sessions when school is back in session. For now I'll be watching over him."

"Good idea. Don't hesitate to call any of us if you need anything."

"Yeah alright. Goodnight."

Therapy. Midoriya was definitely going to need some therapy after all this, both about his mother and his underlying confidence issues. Maybe even about his self destructive behaviors. Throwing himself into constant danger with seemingly no care for his own well being, that saving others is more important than his life. Which at a healthy level is a good attribute of a hero, but just doing it so ready to die is more dangerous. And he was dangerously toeing the edge.

Aizawa wanted to murder the people who made this sweet honest boy think his life wasn't important. That all he could do was save people in exchange for his life or just be in the way of others. This may run deeper than just his mother, and if he was quirkless until just this year, he can almost guarantee that he was bullied. But he didn't want to jump to conclusions just yet. He needed to focus on making sure Midoriya was alright now. They could open the can of worms that was his past some other day.

He took up his phone again and gave Fatgum a call. It took a few rings before the man picked up. *"Eraserhead! Good to hear from you. We were*

a little worried about you, but we should have known you wouldn't have gone down that easy. Which hospital are you at? I'll drop some snacks for you and the kid."

"We're in Kyoto Central But save your visit for tomorrow afternoon. We're all a little tired after today." Aizawa could feel the dark shift on the other side of the phone. *"I heard, I called in some favors from our friends from the raid. They were more than happy to help."*

"I'm glad, thanks for that. I want to find her as soon as possible before she has the chance to do more damage. I have a feeling she may have been more than just neglectful."

"You think she-"

"Yes." Aizawa heard Fatgum curse and grumble. *"Damn that woman, we'll find her for sure. I may not have been super close to the kid, but he saved Eri and our hides from Overhaul. Now that he needs our help it's only fair we repay it."*

"Thank you. If i weren't confined to bed i'd come with you. She seems to only have left in the past day so she can't have gotten too far. Also try checking with Tsutakuchi about family members she could be staying with."

"Will do. I'll call you if anything happens."

"Good. Also don't tell Kirishima, if he finds out they'll tell the whole class and this place might flood with people."

"Gotcha. Rest up, I'll bring some snacks tomorrow. Hospital food is such a drag." The large men then hung up. Leaving the room in silence aside from the heart monitor that beeped slow and steady at Midoriya's side. Aizawa had decided to leave the curtain open both for his sake and for Midoriya's. To pass the time until he woke up he just checked through his emails and missed messages, even opening up one of the magazines a nurse brought him.

Chapter 3

It had barely passed nine when the speed of the heart monitor sped up and a small groan broke the silence. Aizawa threw the magazine aside and stood from his bed, dragging his water bag- apparently he was dehydrated so the nurses connected it to him a few hours before. Aizawa wasn't super thrilled but didn't complain. He pulled up one of the stools and sat right by the boy's head, running a gentle hand through his hair. "Midoriya? Are you awake?"

"S-sensei? What are you doing here?"

"Well we're still in the hospital kid, how are you feeling?"

"Like shit." Aizawa snorted, Midoriya didn't curse often- but when he did it was pretty funny. "That's not super helpful, is there something I can get for you?" The boy was silent for a moment before his scratchy voice squeaked out water. Aizawa handed him the nearby glass, helping him sit up enough to drink comfortably. It ended up with Midoriya leaning on Aizawa's shoulder as he downed the water like a dying man. He'd barely finished the first glass when Aizawa poured him another which he drank a bit slower, "Feeling better?"

"A little bit. But not really."

"Do you want to talk about it?" Midoriya looked conflicted, wringing the sleeve of Todoroki's jacket nervously. "D-Do you think i'm a selfish person Sensei?" That was not what Aizawa had expected but he really wanted to punch Inko in the face. He continued to pet the boy's hair as he spoke "Kid, you are one of the most selfless people i know. Selfish is never a word I would use to describe you, I don't think I've ever heard you ask for anything aside from advice."

"B-But why did s-she say-"

"Because she wanted an excuse to leave, something to justify herself leaving you. Why she did it I can't tell you, but I know it was a huge mistake on her part. You are one of the bravest people I know and your kindness seems to know no bounds. I've known you for about half a year but she knew you your entire life. If she couldn't see that then she was blind." He held the boy as a new wave of tears ripped itself from the boy's throat, and he just continued to hold him as he cried as long as he needed. The kid cried himself dry and downed another cup of water. "I'm not really surprised."

“What? That she left?”

“Yeah, we haven't really talked since the dorms happened, and even before then she wasn’t around much. Working and such.”

“Kid, I know you're under a lot of stress but I have to ask. Did your mom ever hurt you?”

“N-No! She never went that far. Just that I wouldn't see her for a few days at a time sometimes. I had to learn to cook and do the housework, which I didn't mind. She had to work twice as much since dad left.” The boy sniffed handing the plastic cup back to Aizawa. The kid wrapped the large jacket around himself tighter, wiping his tears on the sleeves that hung over his hands. “You shouldn't have had to do that, you're still just a kid. A parent's job is to be there for their children, and Inko didn’t do that for you. We're looking for her now, do you have any idea where she could be?”

“U-Um, well I doubt she would go to aunt Mitsuki. . . maybe she went to my grandparents. But they haven't really seen eachother since I was little.”

“Why is that?”

“It was my fault. They stopped calling after my quirk never came in. Said they were embarrassed for having a Quirkless grandchild. I heard them tell my mom to get rid of me once, i was eavesdropping but i couldn’t help it. Guess she took their advice.” Midoriya sniffled trying to stop himself from crying again. Aizawa just shushed him like a small child, telling him how wrong they were. The two ended up sitting together for the next few hours, the talk had shifted to some of Aizawa’s old students. Funny stories and exasperated tales of their antics throughout his years of teaching. “You know sensei-”

“Call me Aizawa or Shouta kid.”

“A-Alright Aizawa. You know you act and talk a lot like a parent. I guess taking care of Eri has that effect on you now!”

“Very true, although I'm pretty sure my son started my “dadzawa” behavior. At least that’s what Hizashi calls it.”

“I didn’t know you had a son, sir! What is he like?” Midoriya asked excitedly. Aizawa gave a fond chuckle, “Well he’s about your age, maybe a bit older, but he acts exactly like me. At least according to Hizashi, I've had too much influence on him. He’s quiet and shy, so he

can come off as a little cold sometimes to strangers. Your pasts are actually quite similar."

"Is he trying to be a hero too?" Midoriya asked before recognition fell over his face, "Is Shinsou your son?" Aizawa said nothing but looked away scratching his cheek. Midoriya groaned to himself, "I should've known. *God*, I am an idiot."

"Why's that? Most of the teachers haven't even figured it out."

"I bad mouthed about your son right in front of you." He groaned. Aizawa was confused for a minute until he remembered what Midoriya had said about Shinsou while they were stuck together. "Don't worry, that's not your fault. Shinsou has always found it hard to make friends, people didn't really treat him right because of his quirk. So he thinks anyone with a strong flashy quirk will be terrible spoiled brats that will just make fun of him. Who think they're better than him. I had hoped being in UA might give him the security to make friends since we were around but his behavior seems to have continued. I should thank you for trying to be his friend even though he pushed you away."

"That's not fair, Shinsou's quirk will be so useful to do hero work. He could end problems with a single word with zero damage or casualties. It's a shame he didn't get into the hero course, but I'm assuming his quirk does not work on robots as they don't really have a brain." Midoriya continued to ramble on about how useful Shinsou's quirk would be. Especially if he went underground. Aizawa had a small smile, these two could be really good friends if Aizawa can just get Shinsou to open up to each other. He'd been trying to break Shinsou's bad habit of assuming everyone is out to get him and put him down. They'd gotten better, but Hizashi knows that he still didn't have many friends, aside from his class that he seemed to tolerate enough to call acquaintances. "When did you take Shinsou in?"

"Well it was a few years ago, he was around nine when his parents dropped him off at my house. He's technically my nephew, but I pretty much raised him whenever he was around. My sister was the type of woman who didn't want to have responsibilities. Her quirk was quite flashy. So one day she just dropped him off in front of our apartment and left to live elsewhere. He's been with us ever since. But his mother had already done a lot of damage to his mental image and trust. So to not have to feel that betrayal again he's avoided anyone like her. Which turned out to be everyone in his eyes."

“I see. . . that’s terrible but, I'm kinda, comforted? To know that it wasn’t just me. But I know that’s awful to think and say I'm sorry.”

“No need to apologize, I understand.” Aizawa let the boy lean on him more to the point where he was nearly laying in his lap. Petting his back like he was one of his cats he listened to the boy ramble, “Maybe he would feel better if he knew about me? I-I could talk to him if you’d like. But then he would know you told me something private and he might not like that so maybe not but i could still try if you want me to-”

“I think it would do you both some good. But only what you're comfortable with sharing, you don’t have to tell him everything. But I think it’s a good idea. I’ll have Hizashi soften him up a bit.” He teased a bit, Midoriya gave a tired laugh. The greenette’s eyes were drooping more by the second but he rubbed them with the back of his hand, a small yawn passed his lips. Aizawa felt his heart warm as he guided the tired boy down onto the pillow, pale hand gripped onto his shirt while his head snuggled into the creme collar of the jacket. It was so large it was practically a blanket all on it’s own so he rested the hospital blanket up to his waist and turned off the light. Instinctively he smoothed the boy’s curls from his forehead as he walked by, “Sleep well kid, lord knows you need it.” Midoriya’s head followed his hands until he was on his side, smushing his face into the pillow with a little snore. His soft snores continued throughout the night, completely undisturbed until just past seven thirty. He was awoken by someone poking his cheek, finding Eri pressing her face on the mattress so they could be face to face. “Eri?”

“Good morning Deku!”

“Eri, I told you not to wake him.” Hizashi said, picking his daughter up from behind. His hair was down and was dressed in civi clothes. The girl was dressed in her normal red dress and was carrying a stuffed black cat in her arms. “It’s alright. I usually wake up around this time anyway.”

“Still you need all the rest you can get so you can recover as fast as possible. But we brought some breakfast if you want some. Hospital food is such a drag so we brought pancakes from our favorite shop.”

“I wouldn’t want to take any of your food! I’m fine with the hospital food really.” He stuttered out, averting his eyes when Hizashi gave him a sad look. The blonde man sat at the end of his bed, Eri still on his hip and placed a hand on the boy’s knee. “It’s no trouble. I

wouldn't have offered it if we didn't have enough to share. It's no trouble and I'd really like it if you ate with us this morning. I'm sure Eri and Shouta would like it too." His voice was soft and gentle, something Midoriya hadn't heard from another adult in a very long time. His eyes nearly watered but he agreed, Eri quickly jumped over to the paper bags and pulled out a plate covered with plastic with six perfect pancakes covered in strawberries and syrup. Running back over she placed it on his small pull out tray and handed him a fork. "These are my favorites!"

"Why thank you. Would you like to grab yours and come up to eat with me?"

"Alright!" The girl scrambled off the bed again to get her own. Midoriya took the time to glance around the room, Aizawa was in the bathroom brushing his teeth and even Shinso was there, but he stayed in the corner of the room watching Midoriya pretty intently. His hard stare was making him nervous so he decided to just keep his eyes on the pancakes which he moved so Eri could rest her's on the small tray also. Eri returned with her own matching container which Midoriya took so she could climb up onto his bed to sit with him. "Comfy?" Eri nodded, leaning on Midoriya a bit. The boy just chuckled at her enthusiasm "It looks so good I don't know where to start! What do you think?"

"Oh! Oh! Oh! You have to pour the syrup on top! That's how dad taught me to do it!"

"Good idea, let's dig in then! Itadakimasu!" They said in unison before dumping the syrup over the strawberries and pancakes.

Shinsou wasn't sure how to feel about Midoriya. At first he thought him nothing but a 1-A brat with a flashy quirk just like the rest of them, so he felt content on beating him in the sports festival. And he wasn't stupid, his dads talked about their students all the time so he knew how unskilled he was, although he was surprised when the greenette wasn't expelled. Then the sports festival happened. He had the win in his grasp, mere steps away from moving on when he stopped. He stopped. His finger broke a moment later, breaking him from his trance. The look in his eyes when they made eye contact from across that field was. . . well the best way he could describe it at the time was well, ***terrifying.*** He'd seen determined people before but this was completely different. Next thing he knew was that he got

thrown out of the ring like a ragdoll. He heard his classmates whispering how they weren't surprised and other doubtful words when he returned to the stands, but some of them congratulated him.

Then a few days after the festival the same boy had shown up at lunch asking if he could sit with him, Shinsou had flat out refused. He didn't want some flashy wannabe trying to be his friend just to make fun of him. Midoriya had plenty of friends like him that he could sit with and he told him as much. He was surprised a bit by the sadness that flashed over the boy's face, but it was quickly covered by a smile as he bid him farewell.

He tried the next day. And the next. And the next. He'd try for a whole week before Shinsou snapped at him. "Look. I don't like you and I don't want to be your friend. So stop following me around like some determined puppy looking for a good time. So leave me the hell alone and run back to your famous class or whatever. Don't talk to me again and just leave me alone!" He didn't look back as he got up from his table and threw out his lunch before stalking off to the roof to blow off some steam.

He never realised he completely missed the look on Midoriya's face. That look of guilt.

He managed to forget about Midoriya for a good while until the greenette started popping up again. He never approached Shinsou though, instead kept his head down and didn't speak a word to him. The tired teen couldn't help but notice how familiar that behavior was, to make themselves as small and unnoticeable as possible. But in his spite for the boy he just looked the other way. His animosity towards the hero in training had lessened after Eri had arrived, she would constantly talk about her hero's Deku and Lemillion and he listened. He listened to how he saved her and defeated one of the biggest bad guys in Japan, all for her safety. *So he watched.* He watched Midoriya after that when he was around. His scars had grabbed his attention when he saw Eri and him playing outside in the courtyard, he'd worn a shortsleeve leaving his whole arm on display. Then his pops said something that got Shinsou thinking, "That boy is certainly a handful. But I think your dad see's something in him, I know I sure do. If he can help that little girl smile so freely after all she's gone through, then I think he will be a great hero one day." It had entirely been an offhand comment while his pop's was making lunch, but it stuck.

He noticed how gentle Midoriya was, even if he knew how strong the

greenette was, strong enough to break through giant ice spikes with a flick of a finger. His view started to shift after that. And only did he realize how rude he had been when Midoriya had actually tried to be his friend. Not many people tried to do that anymore, and he had just pushed him away. Was cruel to him. And he didn't know how to fix it.

Then they got the call. It was late and their pop's had the night off, so the trio had decided to sit down for a movie night. They were half way through their second movie when the phone rang, pop's excused himself assuming it was just something about work. He was only gone a few moments before he came back rushing back in telling them to grab their coats and shoes. The two kids clutched to each other the whole way to the hospital, practically running into the hospital emergency room. Pop sat them down as he went to go talk to the lady at the counter to find out what room he was in. Second floor room 213 and he was free for visitors but they had to be quiet since there was another patient inside. Using the elevator felt like an eternity but they eventually found their dad's room. He was asleep- no surprise- but the doctor was inside on the other side of the curtain that was still open. Eri and Hizashi had gasped at the sight of the boy, wrapped in bandages and an oxygen mask over his mouth. Eri promptly burst into tears at his father's side once the doctor and pops went to talk outside about his condition.

Thankfully he'd be fine. It's mostly just to watch his injuries- and get him some much needed sleep- so he wasn't in any danger which brought them all relief. "And Midoriya?" His pops had asked the doctor before he left. "Well. . . he was in much worse condition. Aside from some blunt trauma to the head that was pretty minor and some internal bleeding from some ripped muscles, everything else was easily fixable. We have a healer come in to fix the remaining muscles in the morning after he's had some food. We managed to get a bit when Midoriya woke up on the way to the hospital that he had managed to push your husband out of the way of most of the rubble. Midoriya should stay for about-" Shinsou hadn't heard much else after that as his eyes traveled back to the hooked up to several machines.

He felt even more like a jerk. He had been cruel to the boy that had saved two of his family members from death. So now he sat staring at his little sister and Midoriya talking over pancakes, Hizashi had gone to help Aizawa back to bed even though he didn't need to. So he went to get his own food he reached into his bag. "Hey Midoriya." The boy jumped at his voice with a little squeak, hesitantly facing the teen. He jumped again when Shinsou shoved a pair of purple cat ear headphones and an old ipod. "So you don't get too bored while you're

here. I downloaded some of my favorites for you."

"Oh! Thank you! You didn't have to do this." Midoriya carefully took the headphones and placed them on the side table with so much gentleness as if coming down too hard would scratch them. "D-Do uh, do you want to join us?"

"Sure. Scoot over toots." Shinsou playfully shoved his sister from her place and plopped down on the already crowded bed. His own blackberry and chocolate pancakes in hand. He was quickly pulled into the conversation about their cats, Eri telling him a funny story about Melon eating Shinsou's fish the other night. Midoriya just laughed along and ate the pancakes in between his responses.

The two men watched as the three kids ate happily as they leaned on the bathroom doorway. "Looks like you wont need to soften up after all."

"He did it all on his own." Hizashi chuckled, leaning his head on Shouta's shoulder lovingly. It was moments like this that they cherished each other and everyone around them. They turned when the door clicked open and Todoroki peeked in, looking surprised at the whole crowd in the room. "Good morning Sensei's, I didn't realize you'd all be here this morning."

"What's up Todoroki! Come on in! We're having breakfast." Hizashi shuffled the boy in and offered him some food and the teen joined the "kids bed" on Midoriya's other side. The two teens bumped shoulders before returning to their conversation.

Everything was pretty content. It was nice in contrast to the rough day Midoriya had had the day before. Shouta was happy he could relax, something he seems to be having trouble doing with other people around. But with his past he's not really surprised. "I'm telling you, Kamui woods and Mount lady are dating."

"No way, Kamui hates Mount lady." Shinsou argued, but Todoroki just shoved a picture into his face of the two. "Oh yeah, then why were they having lunch together in a secluded spot just outside the city?"

"They could just be having lunch and not want to be disturbed by fans."

"No, they've been dating since a little after Mount Lady's premier earlier this year where they met. They've worked on several other cases together so they have plenty of time to get to know one

another.” Midoriya was chuckling to himself as it dawned on Shinsou’s face. “Oh my god you're right! I never would have thought about that. You're pretty good at this Todoroki, what else have you got?” Todoroki thought for a moment before glancing at Midoriya who shut up immediately. “Well i have one thats-”

“No Shouto don't! We’ve talked about this!”

“That Midoriya is-”

“Please don't say it. I’ve already told you it’s not real!”

“All Might secret love child.” Midoriya groaned and buried his face in the two toned boy’s shoulder. It took a few seconds before the entire room exploded in laughter. All but Eri, who was worried why Midoriya had turned so red. Shinsou nearly fell on the floor to die of laughter, “I see it! I see it!”

“What no! He’s not my dad!” Midoriya cried. Todoroki just gave him a shrug with a small “That's what a love child would say.” Before he got pushed off the bed by Midoriya who brought Eri into his lap. “Eri is my new best friend. You both are dead to me.” The room continued to laugh as Eri cheered to herself. Shouto just gave a playful huff from the floor.

Aizawa heard his phone ring so he closed the curtain so the kids could keep enjoying themselves. “Detective. Have you got her?”

“Yes. Midoriya was right that she was staying with her parents out in the countryside of Miyagi. I’ll be bringing her in and questioning her myself. If you're discharged by then you can come down, we’ll need to discuss where Midoriya will go since his mother seems to have given up custody.” Aizawa bid the detective goodbye as he sighed. He’d nearly forgotten about that part, if Inko goes to jail Midoriya has no other relatives to take him. He’d be thrown into the system by tomorrow and potentially taken out of UA. “Shouta what's wrong?”

“We need to figure out what to do with Midoriya so he doesn’t get thrown into the system. Maybe we could make him a ward of UA or maybe All Might could take him in since he likes him so much. But I don't know if he’d be the best parent.”

“We could take him.” Hizashi suggested reading his husband's mind. Aizawa looked over at him with pleading eyes. “I know how attached you are to him. That little listener has managed to worm his way into your guarded heart, and I think we’d both be more comfortable if we

could keep an eye on him. We've been planning on moving into a bigger place anyhow so this is the perfect opportunity." Hizashi always had this way to make everything ok in Aizawa's eyes. This was another time that Aizawa just relished in his husband's warmth and love.

Seems like their family is gaining one new member.

Aizawa was being discharged later that afternoon but they were keeping Midoriya for two more days just to monitor and finish healing his injuries. Todoroki left a few hours later since he had to meet his mother at the hospital for their weekly visit. He bid Midoriya goodbye with a soft kiss to the temple that made the poor freckled boy blush. "Say hi to her for me!"

"I will. But you will need to come with me next time."

"A-Alright." he called put, blushing increasing as he felt his teacher's eyes on him. Eri was vibrating in his lap, both from the sugar and her endless questions. "When did you and Mr. Todoroki start dating?"

"W-Well it's been about a month or so now." Eri squealed and held out a hand to Hizashi who just handed her a handful of sweets. Midoriya sputtered about being bet upon but chuckled when Eri handed him a red candy. "Dad, I have to go to the bathroom."

"Alright my little angel, let's go." Hizashi took Eri's hand and they walked out to use the bathroom down the hall. The two teens were left alone which quickly turned awkward in the tense silence. Midoriya just picked at his jacket sleeve keeping his head down, stuttering a bit before he spoke. "I-Im sorry for bothering you."

"What? Oh no, I should be apologizing to you. I judged you thinking you were going to be some stuck up jerk from the hero course, even when you were trying to be my friend. I'm sorry I acted so rude towards you, maybe. . . maybe we could start over?" The boy looked surprised but nodded enthusiastically. "Sure Shinsou, let's start over. A-And if you don't mind I have some questions about your quirk, it's so cool and I want to know all about it. We need to plan how to get you into the hero course as soon as possible so we should start strategizing."

"Uh sure. What do you want to know?"

"Well-" Aizawa smiled. Everything was going to be okay. And those two were going to be a good pair, probably going to cause havoc and

trouble wherever they went. And when Shinsou did get into 1-A then they'd really cause some trouble.

.

.

.

.

Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all.

Hizashi dropped off some clothes for him to change into so they could leave after Midoriya convinced them he would be fine on his own. Shinsou decided he would stay a bit longer as the two were knee deep in planning and strategizing, planning to just call one of them for a ride in a few hours. Aizawa bid them both goodbye by ruffling their hair, giving the greenette a promise to come back later to visit and see how he was doing.

Chapter 4

Despite being dressed in bright pink sweatpants and a black shirt he had Hizashi drop him off at the police station- where he kept a spare suit in Tsukauchi's office since they worked together so often. He greeted the receptionist and went to the detective's office, opening up the bottom drawer of his desk and pulling out his spare costume. One quick change later he was walking to the containment cells after another officer told him that's where Tsutakuchi was. "Good morning Eraser, didn't think i'd see you so soon after my phone call."

"Yeah well I got sick of waiting so I left as soon as possible. Where is she?"

"We just got back, had Sansa take her to one of the questioning rooms. You want to join?" He thought about it, weighing his self control if it was enough to keep him from slapping the women. "Sure. I'll be taking over his guardianship anyway."

"Getting another kid? Eraser, you are going soft."

"No I'm not." ducking into his scarf to hide his blush the detective just laughed heartily as they walked. In the last room with the large one way mirror was Midoriya Inko herself. Sitting in the chair handcuffed to the table she looked frazzled and upset, glaring at the table like it was at fault. "Has she said anything?'

"No, but she did struggle a bit when Fatgum wen't to arrest her. Although she quickly realized that it was no use to struggle and came quietly. She's been here since then. Also we searched the apartment just in case and found a few suspicious items. " Tsutakuchi grabbed the still growing file and headed for the door, "for one she had a large cabinet in the back of her closet that was filled with food. And the kitchen was rather bare in that respect. She also had a key that belonged to Izuku's room and to a few other places like the bathroom or hall closet. We also found a whole shoebox filled with medical supplies under Izuku's bed. We aren't sure if they pertain to her but we were suspicious."

"He said she never hit him, and I believe him in that regard. But his self worth clearly is very low, much more willing to die for others as he sees them as more important compared to him. That kind of mindset isn't fostered all on it's own."

“I’ll keep that in mind with my questioning.” Tsutakuchi wrote some things down on the notepad as he pressed the button on the door. “After you, please don’t try to attack her.”

“No promises.”

Inko’s head shot up when the loud door creaked open, “It’s about time! I demand to know why I was brought here, I have done nothing wrong.” She yelled standing from her chair as far as her cuffs would allow. Aizawa just scowled at her, “Sit back down.”

“But-”

“Sit down.” Voice cold and stern with no room for argument, Inko just huffed and sat back down. Hands clutching a white handkerchief so hard that her knuckles matched. The two sat down, Aizawa a bit further away so he could cross his arms- both for intimidation and to keep them close to him so he didn’t do anything rash. Placing the recorder down on the table they got started once the item clicked. “Alright before we start I am obligated to tell you my quirk Mrs. Midoriya. My quirk is called lie detector, it’s pretty self explanatory as i can tell if you tell me a lie. You were brought in today with allegations of child neglect, abandonment, and possible assault on a minor.”

“*Assault?* I never hurt anybody!”

“Mrs. Midoriya please, we’ll get to that as right now we are unsure who has played a part.” Tsutakuchi held up his hand to stop her yelling, opening the folder to some already planned questions that he had written earlier on his pad. “We’re going to start the questioning now. Please state your name for the record.”

“I am Mirdoriya Inko.”

“**True.** Mrs. Midoriya, on July second did you leave your home with several bags?”

“Y-Yes.”

“**True.** What did you leave for?”

“I went to visit my parents, we hadn’t seen each other for a few years since I've been so busy. So I decided to visit them for a while.”

“**True.** Mrs. Midoriya a witness found a note- this note- evidence

number two, on your son's door explaining that you were abandoning him. Did you write this note?"

"No of course not! I would never!"

"**False.** Mrs. Midoriya, did you leave this note explaining to your fifteen year old son that you were abandoning him?"

"Y-You don't understand what it's like. To have a quirkless child for so long! I was ostracized by my friends and my family. All because he couldn't develop a quirk." The women cried out in rage, pulling on the cuffs. Tsutakuchi took that as a yes. He passed Aizawa a smaller folder filled with papers and a pen, which the tired man looked over and started filling out. "Ma'am please calm down. So you admit to leaving the note for your son to see. Moving on-"

"B-"

"Tell us what your financial life is like. What's your job and your salary?"

"I'm a seamstress and I work the secretary at a nearby clinic."

"**True.** So you'd say your salary is pretty stable?

"Yes, I make enough to keep us fed and in our apartment."

"**True.** When we searched your apartment some officers found a food cabinet in the back of your closet while the rest of the house was rather empty of food. Tell me, why was the cabinet filled with food?'

"I don't have to tell you that's private."

"Fine, I'll ask something different. Did you ever withhold necessities from your son? Like water or food?"

"N-No!"

"**False.** I'll ask again, did you ever withhold the necessities like water or food from your son?"

"Of course not!" Tsutakuchi sighed heavily. "Ma'am, that was also a **lie.** Which means you have, and our guess is that that cabinet in your closet is where you would hide most of the food so your son couldn't find it. Leaving him with very little left to eat, and you and I both know he's too kind to eat everything there."

“No he isn't, he is a spoiled and greedy brat who did nothing but ask me for things when he had ruined everything for me.” Aizawa broke after that, finally speaking for the first time since they’d arrived. “Ma’am i am your son’s personal teacher, i have spent numerous hours and experiences with your son. He has never asked for anything aside from being able to help. So I know that's a lie.”

“That was the pro hero Eraserhead, he is helping the investigation against Inko Midoriya, he is Izuku’s UA homeroom teacher and school guardian in their dorms. And he is correct, that entire statement was a lie. But that implies that we are correct that you withhold proper food from your son. Do you want to give me a straight answer or move on and leave my assumption correct.”

“Move on.” She grumbled, Aizawa nearly lept out of his seat at that moment to strangle her, but he kept his foot wrapped around the chair leg to keep himself at bay. A trick he learned from Snipe his first year teaching. Tsutakuchi gave him a quick glance before moving on, heavily leaning on the table. “I’m going to get this question out of the way now. Have you ever hit or injure your son?”

“No never.” The detective let out a relieved sigh, “**True.** Did you know about Izuku’s box of medical supplies that he keeps under his bed?”

“Yes, he was always rather clumsy. Often came back home with bruises or scrapes from school from falling or playing too hard with the other children. He would try to hide it from me so I just let him think I didn't notice. But was annoying when i had to replace that stupid uniform when it got ripped or burned.”

“That first part was a lie. Was he really just clumsy or was he being bullied? The statistics of quirkless children being bullied is ninety-eight percent.”

“Honestly if he was being bullied I wouldn't be surprised. He deserved it anyway. I know his teachers didn’t like him much either but i can’t blame them. They had more important kids to focus on.” Tsutakuchi looked like he wanted to throw hands but calmed himself. “That’s **true.** So you knew your son was being assaulted by classmates and maybe even teachers, but you found this acceptable?”

“Yes.”

“What middle school did he go to?”

“Aldera.”

“Let the record show an investigation on Aldera middle school will be in effect for assault, neglect, and perhaps other charges. One final question Mrs. Midoriya, on your dresser an officer found a key that locked your son’s room from the outside. Did you ever lock your son into his room for a punishment or any other reason?”

“Yes, sometimes when I had company I would keep him in his room so he was out of the way. Although I will admit I had locked him in there when I got angry.”

“**True.** What is the longest period you’ve left him locked up?”

“Hmm. . . maybe a day? I can’t really remember, I often forgot he was home sometimes.”

“**True.** That will end today’s session of questioning. You are held here for future questioning as we do not feel comfortable letting you leave in concern of you running. That will be all.”

“Hold on, I have a question.” She interrupted, turning to Aizawa with a glare, “What exactly are you filling out over there?”

“These are fostering papers, it’s clear Izuku isn’t safe in your current care and until your trial is over he will be staying with me and my family. Determining the outcome of your trial he may not return to your care at all. Good day ma’am.”

“What? No! You can’t take my baby from me! I was trying to protect him! He was too weak to live on his own. And when he dies trying to chase his silly dream you will be the one to blame!” She screamed like a banshee as Aizawa got up and left the room seething in anger but slight pride at staying calm. He’d finished the papers as soon as possible and returned them to Tsutakuchi who was nursing a cup of some very strong coffee as Inko was dragged back to the holding cells kicking and screaming. Aizawa poured his own cup, “I’ll have Nezu look into the school for you, he loves taking down crooked educational institutions.”

“Happily, we’ve had complaints about Aldera before but nothing that needed investigation. Give me a call if you need anything, I'll have Sansa sweep the apartment one last time for anything we might have missed. I’ll permit you to grab some of Midoriya’s clothes and things as long as they’re not needed for the investigation. But I'll tell you he has one of the barest rooms I've ever seen.”

“I’m guessing he took anything valuable to the dorms, so I'll head

there instead. But check the floorboards, I've found kids in cases like this tend to use that for hiding things."

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

> Sorry this was so late, school just started up again so I got busy. So here's a slightly longer chapter as an apology!! Enjoy and feel free to leave a comment, I love them so much!!

Aizawa bid the detective goodbye and started his trek to UA since he did not have his car. He needed the time to think, time to sort out his racing thoughts that had been bouncing around his skull for the past couple days. *So* much needed to be done.

For one he needs to get Izuku some help, he planned on talking to Hound dog while he was at the school. It was clear that Izuku needed to talk through some of his self esteem issues and other mental problems he probably has after a whole life of unhealthy homelife and most likely abusive school life. He knew that trying to undo fifteen years of thinking- especially something that's been drilled into his head over and over again was going to take a long time. He should know, it took him a long time to get over being called a villain his whole life. But he had loving parents and a few friends, Izuku barely had any of that.

So therapy with a Hound dog, ***check.***

If Izuku was to come live with them, whether just during the fostering period or adopted- *he secretly hoped for the latter*- they were going to need a bigger apartment. Their current apartment is already pretty packed with them since Eri arrived and he and Hizashi had been talking about moving to someplace bigger. Yeah they lived partly at the dorms but that was with nineteen other teenagers that he had to keep his appearances for. And if he were honest, he was a little sick of living in an apartment. I know, shocking. Logical Shouta Aizawa not wanting to live in the city where everything was nearby including work. But he wanted his family to have the space to grow. A place for Eri to set up her toys and have plenty of space to play like he did as a child.

He remembered his childhood home, nestled at the end of a street with a large sakura tree he would climb up to hide or nap. They had a simple two story house but they had a large backyard where his mom had planted dozens of flowers and his dad had built a small swing for him. He would spend hours out there laying in the cool grass on hot

summer days with his cat, just daydreaming or training. Even after a rough day at school he would come home and his mom would make him a snack then they along with their cat would sit and watch a movie or relax on the porch. Making the weight of the words 'villain' and ‘monster’ just disappear for the rest of the day until he went back to school the next day. He remembered pacing in the backyard for an entire day waiting to see if he’d get the transfer papers to the hero course, it went on so long that his dad just came outside and picked him up. The man had brought him inside and plopped him on the couch with their cat Mango and told him to take a nap. And he did.

He’d never admit it but he missed it. He knew Hizashi had always wanted a house in a nice neighborhood to call their own. Where they could paint the walls an obnoxious blue or yellow and not worry about disturbing the neighbors with his singing. And with their new addition, it was the perfect time. Luckily he had plenty of favors he could cash in to a local real estate agent. That and they have five jobs between them so they had plenty of money to spare.

He even had a house in mind. He’d had his eye on it as a potential anniversary present but it looked like it was coming early.

Then there was All Might. ***God*** that made his blood **boil.** That blonde buffoon had hidden that Izuku hadn’t had a quirk for more than a few weeks when he started class. He practically scared the poor boy into thinking if he told anyone All Might didn’t approve he’d fail him, maybe even take the quirk back. They didn’t need to tell him about One for All, just that his quirk had activated for the first time during the entrance exam. Would he have stayed in class? Maybe not, but Aizawa would have put him in general studies until he got proper quirk counseling- which he would have run- then when he was ready he could try to get into the class again. Knowing him now Aizawa had no doubt that Izuku could make it back to the hero course with flying colors. He had the determination and the mind to easily pass, with or without a quirk. But because All Might decided not to tell him how powerful this quirk was- or that he had zero control- Izuku paid the price for his stupidity.

Broken arms. Permanent damage. Even if it had been healed by Eri during her quirk episode during the raid, the shock and worry was still there. More self esteem issues. And he swears to whatever god that if that man said or did anything else to that boy he’d wring his neck himself. He planned to head back tonight to visit Izuku to get the rest of the story, since he knows that the teen left out some important information. Whether on purpose or because he didn’t think it was

important didn't matter. He needed to know. Just in case.

Another thing he was going to ask about was Aldera. Although he was reluctant since it was going to dredge up old painful feelings and memories. But to make sure that school would be charged accordingly, he's getting both the principal and his kid's testimony. He was sure the rodent would definitely use it to help him raze the school. While he was at school he was also going to pick up Izuk's school records, and Bakugou's. He's starting to think their relationship was worse than he thought. At first he thought they may have had a rivalry, and aggressive one but after a few weeks he didn't think it was that. They certainly weren't friends, Bakugou hated Izuku with what seemed to be a burning passion. So he just assumed they had history, it wasn't like Bakugou was the calmest or the nicest.

But he feared it was much worse.

Rubbing his already tired eyes he pulled out his card to get through the front gate- having gotten to the school way quicker then he had expected. Stepping into the elevator he sent Hizashi a quick text to tell him where he was and not to panic- he wasn't working really. Just retrieving. He got to the lounge and was practically accosted by Cementoss and a few other teachers. Even Midnight got up to give him a hug before berating him for nearly being crushed. Even Snipe gave him a pat on the shoulder as he walked by to his desk. All Might wasn't there thank god, he could not deal with him right now. 'Aren't you not supposed to be working? Nezu's orders you know?"

"I know. I just came here to grab some papers to grade and some files. As well as some things for Midoriya."

"How is he?" Ectoplasm asked. Ectoplasm really liked Midoriya, mostly because on their first day meeting the greenette didn't hesitate to look him in the eyes. He was the first to just meet his eyes on the first day and not just stare anywhere else. Lots of people- kids especially- found him rather scary so it was refreshing to see his eyes light up when he walked into the room. Not to mention he was smart as hell and easy to grade. Sure he got some stuff wrong sometimes but it was usually when he was more stressed and rushed. Ectoplasm was always careful to call on him those days and made sure to give him either plenty of space or plenty of time to get the answer.

Midoriya was actually a favorite among most of the teachers. He was respectful and listened in class even if he did mumble a bit sometimes. "He'll be fine. They're mostly keeping him another day for

observations after another healing sesion. He should be back by the time the next semester starts."

"That's good. We were worried when we heard on the news this morning."

"No need to worry, he acted quickly and efficiently and both of us made it just fine. But I should get my stuff and go visit Hound dog." Aizawa grabbed one of the huge stacks from his desk along with some files from the back cabinet. He slipped Bakugou and Izuku's files on the bottom before stuffing them into his bag. Leaving the staff room he headed to Hound dog 's office, the counselor was pleased to see him and offered him some coffee. Which he gladly took. "So are you here for a session or another reason?"

"I'm here to hopefully set up some sessions for Midoriya. While we were trapped under the building I discovered some concerning behavior and his past seemed to be a direct cause of that. Would you be willing to take him after school or during lunch?"

"Of course Aizawa, it's my job. Have you spoken to him about it yet?"

"No, but I'm going to bring it up when I go back to visit him. We also are going to have to dig up some more unpleasant memories so maybe we can try to get one as soon as possible if he says yes." Hound dog gave a soft grumble in thought. "Well I'm free tomorrow. You could bring him to my place or I could come to yours. Meeting here would also work, whatever is most comfortable. Could I have some insight so I can prepare?"

"I can't tell you everything but it turns out Midoriya was quirkless up until the entrance exam. That and a recent incident with his mother abandoning him I think he has some mental image problems. We both know how sacrificial he is, I'm worried he's more than ready to get himself killed and thinking it doesn't matter." Aizawa sighed, taking a deep gulp of his coffee. Hound dog nodded, "I see. Quirkless children are quite rare in this generation, and their statistics are usually very bad. I wished I was informed of this sooner, I could have made him more of a priority to watch over."

"Me too. I only found out two days ago. I think we all have some remedying to do." They talked a while longer, planning to call Hound dog if Izuku agreed to therapy. If he does, they'd meet here at the school sometime after he was discharged. "Aizawa, keep your eye on that boy especially now. I don't think everything has fully settled in

yet, and he could have a crash of emotions anytime. Being abandoned by the only parent he's ever had always affects a child pretty badly, that plus what you've gathered about his mental state, he is going to boil over sooner or later. Do tread with caution during your conversations tonight, I know you know what you're doing. I just wanted to prepare for it."

"I'm fully prepared."

"Good, I wish you luck. Give me a call if you need anything, for you or the pup."

"I will. Thank you Ryo." Aiawa grabbed his heavy bag and left the school. Making a quick detour to the dorms he used his emergency keys to open Izuku's dorm. He hadn't actually been inside the students' dorms as that was their private quarters. He had expected All Might topia but Izuku's seemed somewhat normal. A few posters and merch that he brought- clearly he brought all of it since his shelves were covered in figures and smaller pieces. There were a few All Might posters up but that was to be expected. Simple yet clearly old green blankets and bedspread and a desk full of notebooks. He went to his closet and grabbed a simple white shirt and some sweatpants, looking around he grabbed the top notebook and a pen before he locked the door again.

He decided to take the train home, take a needed shower and get some food, then head back to the hospital. He planned to stay the night so he could be there to comfort him just in case tonight's conversations went bad.

The shower was heavenly and Hizashi had made him some onigiri- the only food he could make without utterly destroying it. So he ate them with Eri and packed some up for later. Eri gave him a picture to take to Izuku before he left, making him promise to give it to him with her love. "D-Do you think he'll like it?" She whispered into his pant leg. He ruffled her hair and gave her a little forehead kiss, "I'm sure he'll love it. He'll probably carry around in his costume or in his bag."

"You think?"

"I know. Now go get dressed for bed, Shinsou should be back soon. Don't give Hizashi any trouble, eat your vegetables tonight and give Piko, Mango, Toast, and Radio plenty of love for me." Eri gave him a little hug before she ran off to her room to get changed into the pajama set Hizashi had set out for her. Hizashi gave him a kiss

goodbye and a soft good luck as he walked out the door.

He pulled his car up to the hospital and saw Shinsou waiting outside, typing on his phone with a smile on his face. “You’ve been here all day? I thought you hated human interaction for more than a single school day.” He teased. Shinsou pouted and stuck out his tongue, “Maybe I'm changing, maybe you're not as strong an influence on me as you thought. I’m gonna take the train home, pops already sent me a message that things are about to get emotionally heavy.”

“Good idea, text me when you get home so I know you're safe.”

“I will. Good luck.” Shinsou sent out another text as he stuffed his phone in his pocket and started walking towards the nearby station. Aizawa parked near the door and grabbed the small bag of clothes and food, then headed up to Midoriya’s hospital room. He knocked gently hearing a soft ‘come in’ from the otherside. Walking inside he saw Midoriya nibbling on what smelled like takoyaki, “I take it Fatgum’s been here already?”

“Yeah! He brought some snacks for us, but you had already left. But I saved some for you, this takoyaki is so good.” Izuku seemed in a much better mood than that morning, practically vibrating with happiness. Aizawa almost considered not having the conversation at all so he didn’t have to break Izuku’s carefree aura that he didn’t see that often. Not weighed down by expectations or other pressures- just acting like a kid. A slightly awkward and nerdy kid, but a kid nonetheless. He pulled up a chair dropping the bag into his lap, “Here are some clothes, figured it was better than the itchy gown. I could never stand wearing them more than I had to.”

“Oh thank you. I’ve been trying not to scratch my bandages all day.” Izuku dug through the bag and pulled out the soft long sleeve shirt Aizawa had thrown in at the last minute from his own clothes. He removed the gown by untying the back and pulling it over his head. When the pale blue fabric was fully removed Aizawa felt his stomach lurch when he spotted the boy’s back. The bandages had obviously been downgraded to just his midsection, leaving his whole upper shoulder blades exposed. Deep red and white scars stretched across his pale freckled skin like a Jackson Pollock painting. Varying in size and shape, some were thin and clean, like someone had cut him with a knife. There were some that came in threes and fours, jagged and large, like someone had racked their nails down his back. And the dozens upon dozens of different sized starbursts that pepper his whole upper body. The largest took over his whole left shoulder and creeped

a bit onto the back of his neck, angry and red, but clearly a few months even maybe a year old. More scars dipped under the bandages hiding god knows what other kind of injuries it covered. In comparison it looked like his right arm was nothing.

Without even realizing it he had traced a hand over one of the larger slashing scars- this one was large and jagged, but the cut looked smooth. Izuku froze, glancing back at his teacher who had a dark look in his eyes. As soon as Aizawa pulled away he shoved the sweater over his bandages and scars, arms wrapping around himself and clutching Todoroki's jacket to his chest. "They're not as bad as they look, really. They needed practice for their quirks and I was a pretty good target."

"T-There's hundreds of them. Izuku this is really bad. Using quirks- especially to harm another person- is very illegal. They've left permanent damage, they could be arrested for this. Did your old classmates do this?"

"Yeah, but it didn't really matter to anybody and I was happy to be somewhat useful, even if it was just a moving target." Aizawa felt his anger rise like lava but he kept it from overflowing, he didn't need Izuku thinking he was mad at him. "What about your teachers? Did you ever try to report this harassment?"

"Yeah, a few times in the beginning, but it never ended well. I was the one who got punished. Said I was asking for attention and inciting violence with the other students to do it. Among other things they blamed on me. Often they actually encouraged the kids to target me, turned a blind eye when they would trip me or push me down the stairs. Then when I was found on the floor I would be marked absent and sent to the principal for punishment. He didn't like me either, nobody did." Aizawa was speechless, aside from the fact that this young child had been repeatedly harassed and abused by classmates and teachers- what bothered him the most was that Izuku was talking about it like it was totally normal. That this was a normal everyday thing that happened at every school. It was disgusting. "I was a little surprised UA even let me in at first, I know all those accusations are on my record. But I guess Nezu must be too smart for that. Or maybe they had thought you would just expel me the first day, yeah that made more sense."

"Kid, I need you to listen to me. What they did to you was wrong. They attacked and hurt you and your educators-who are supposed to make sure you're safe- did nothing to help. If anything they were trying to hinder your future by trying to get you blacklisted. That's

wrong no matter how you are, quirkless or no. They won't get away with this. Both Nezu and the police are going to investigate them." Izuku's head shot up, his voice seemed to fail him for a moment before it cracked, "W-what?"

"We have confirmation that the school has been neglecting you and allowing you to be harassed. And now not to mention seemingly blaming you for those incidents and perhaps even purposely trying to ruin your future by adding those extra marks on your record. Who knows how many more have been affected and will be if Aldera stays open. So Detective Tsutakuchi and Nezu are going to investigate them, so you can have justice. What they did was terrible and illegal, and as hero's we can't let them get away with that." Aizawa petted the boy's head as his eyes wobbled with tears, yet he was still as still as a statue "B-But why? W-Why would you do all that. . . for me? N-Nobody's ever c-c-cared before."

"Because all your life you were in danger with no one to turn to. No one to protect or save you back then. So I'm going to save you now. I'll be helping with the investigation. And while your mother is being tried you'll need a guardian. And it's only logical that I keep you under my watch. " Aizawa smiled, he wasn't even sure if Izuku could hear him when the boy threw himself around the older man's middle. Clutching him like a lifeline with mumbles of soft "thank you's" were muffled by his jumpsuit. He just patted the boy's back fondly. "You'll really take me in? Even after all the trouble I've caused?"

"I wouldn't have it any other way. Besides, Eri and Hitoshi are attached to you, Hizashi too. I'm pretty sure he's already making a place for you." Izuku was full on bawling at this point, whether it be in happiness, relief or some other emotion Aizawa couldn't tell. But he just hugged the teen around his middle, not saying anything about his shaking shoulders as they swayed slowly. He nodded to the nurse who had come in to check on them because of the spike in the heart monitor, she just smiled and quietly closed the door. "You ok there kid?"

"Thank you so much Aizawa-sensei. I-I don't know how to repay you for all the kindness you've given me. I-Is t-t-there anything I can do?" Aizawa was tempted to wave it off and say no but he had a better idea. "Two things. One, I want you to try going to therapy with Hounddog. We both feel that it would benefit you, you don't have to but I would highly suggest it."

"I can do that." he hiccuped, sitting up straight to look his teacher in

the eye. “Number two. I want you to trust me. You’ve been betrayed a lot in the past and recently, you feel like you have no one in your corner. But you have me. I know it might take a little while for you to trust me with everything- hell you might never be- but i’m here for you. I’m here to teach and protect you, if there is anything you want to tell me or ask me, please do. You won't be bothering me or burdening me, I want to know you're safe and happy. You're still a kid, a kid with a big heart filled with kindness and bravery.” He caressed the boy’s tear stained cheeks. Izuku choked on his words but nodded enthusiastically trying to stop crying. “I-I can try. I already trust you a lot.”

“That’s all I can ask for. So what did you and Shinsou talk about all day? I’m surprised he came around so quickly, but I guess you just have that effect on people.” Aizawa smirked to himself at the shine behind the boy’s eyes as he reached for some paper the nurses had given him. They were full of the boy’s surprisingly good handwriting- he honestly expected the boy to have chicken scratch when they first met- he took the pages thrust into his hands. They all were labeled with Shinsou’s name yet each couple pages or so had a different headline.

Shinso Hitoshi-Aizawa-Yamada: Current physical Bio

Shinso Hitoshi- Aizawa-Yamada: Quirk type and characterization

Shinso-Hitoshi-Aizawa-Yamada: Fighting style and current weaponry

Shinso- Hitoshi- Aizawa- Yamada: Heroics course entry plan

The last paper caught his eye and he let his curiosity get the better of him and he glanced down the page, even if he just skipped around it was clear these plans were thero. From an analytical test much like the entrance exam in the case a student is nominated to replace an expelled or failing student in the hero course to plans and strategies to win the second year festival and get in that way. Each plan was perfectly planned and gone over. Tactics to win over the stronger students or even some teachers were suggested, each with scarily accurate descriptions of how most of the staff could be taken out with various weapons strategies or even shinsou’s quirk. There were at least five or six pages full of these notes along with pieces of support gear and costume designs to increase his effectiveness. The other pages were also filled to the brim with information on Shinsou’s quirk at its possible uses in fights or to defuse hostile situations as fast as possible. It was a lot to take in.

And it was damn impressive. Aizawa knew Izuku was smart, but this was second and third year level stuff. Hell, lots of pro's he knew still struggle with this kind of forward thinking. "Kid, these are amazing. Where did you learn to do this?"

"Ah-haha-haha. . . well i've thought quirks were so interesting ever since I was little. I wanted to know how they work and I wanted to be a hero so it fed into that. I've been doing my notebooks filled with analysis ever since then, even though they're not very good. It's almost. . . calming for me to do them. Get's my mind off everything else. Sorry I know it's weird, you can take those to Shinsou or get rid of them, I understand."

"Izuku, this is impressive, I don't give out fake flattery just to be nice. You say you've been doing this for other heroes? So you say you have more?"

"Y-Yes sir. . . "

"May I see? You won't be in trouble or anything." Izuku hesitated for a moment, seemingly weighing his options before slowly handing the notebook to his teacher. Aizawa saw how his hands were shaking and made sure to handle the notebook with care. He hadn't really noticed when he picked it up from his dorm but the outside was practically destroyed. Charred and water marked, the spine had been held together by scrapes and lots of duct tape. He had a sinking feeling that this was his classmates or his teacher's fault.

Add destruction of private property to the list of ever growing charges.

Turning to the first couple pages he found that none of it was in Japanese. . . . Or really any kind of language Aizawa had ever seen. "Is this coded?"

"Oh yes! I-I know it may seem strange, but I coded them just to be safe in case anyone ever found them. Not that anyone would want them other than to destroy them. It made sure if mom ever found one she couldn't take it."

"Why would she do that?"

"Well she thought my analysis was just encouraging my dangerous dream. She stopped playing the news since it was always about heroes. She only ever got her hands on one when I was about eleven, I started coding after that." Aizawa handed back the notebook, not

saying anything as the teen brought it back to his chest like a child would a doll. His notebooks seem to have become a security blanket or stress reliever. Most kids and even adults in this kind of life usually have something that they can confide in to feel safe and comfortable when stressed. “How about you pick a random hero and translate it for me?”

“Of course sir!”

“Aizawa, call me Aizawa. Shouta even if you prefer. I think when we are not in school you don’t need to call me sir. Makes me feel old.” Izuku giggled a bit, his smile growing the more and more they talked. The greenette quickly turned through the pages, stopping about halfway through and taking another piece of paper from the shrinking pile. After a few minutes he handed four pages over to Aizawa, “This is just a bit of it. Translating it might take a bit too long and I didn't want to keep you waiting.”

Lady Nightshade

Quirk: Poison Dart

Status: Underground. (Alive)

Debut: January 16th, 23XX

Rank level: A

Main patrol territory: Outer Tokyo city in the more rundown areas in the redlight district as well as the factory district.

Success rate: 92 % rescue 15 % casualties

Specialties: Search and rescue, muggings, hostage situations, long distance surveillance.

Lady Nightshade can produce a hunting style blow dart from her fingers filled with different kinds of poisons.
Her poisons can range from highly deadly like the Nightshade (An antidote is always carried) to some as harmless as an anesthetic. She can make up as many darts as she has blood for. To make these poisons she was required to have ingested the poisons so her blood can recreate it’s structure

in the darts. Theorizing why she doesn't carry many deadly poisons that work too quickly as she may have been in more danger as well as her opponents. She often uses the anesthesia and nerve attacking poisons to get their opponent on the ground as soon as possible with as little damage to themselves or others as possible.

She uses the darts with her main weapon of choice, a classic Fukiya. A traditional blowdart inspired by old Japanese hunting shoots. She has three different Fukiya, a short range that she either keeps on her hand or wastes at all times, good for close up targets. A long range about three feet eleven inches long that is collapsible and stays on her back. Used for long range sniper shots or Villains with longer ranged attacks. The third is a crossbow style bow on her wrist that can launch her darts up to fifty miles an hour if her target is too far or too fast. She doesn't use it often as the darts moving that fast peices the skin much deeper. I think she might not like it as much as the traditional weapons. Her style also seems to specialize in several martial arts like judo, snake and crane style of kung fu, taekwondo and even some standard military tactics. Also. . .

Weakness: Her supply of on body darts are held in her belt and boots. And she can only make so many more darts with the amount of blood in her bloodstream. Too little blood and she's out of ammo. Major injuries to any arteries or high risk areas like the neck or chest can remove blood much faster giving her either the options to fight until exhaustion or death, or to flee to get medical attention. She's also not impervious to poisons, so using one of her own darts on her could be a quick way to end a battle. . .

So to counteract this I would suggest thicker armour around the high risk areas that are strong enough to withstand her darts or straight forward attacks, bullets as she does work long range. Placing her antidotes in a more secure spot could save her life, perhaps in the brim of her hat or a pocket under the clothes as well as an emergency injection in the wrist crossbow if she is in immediate danger and can not get to her stash. . .

There was plenty more after that, more in depth on her style and tactics to weaknesses and improvements. He remembers Nightshade. She was a student of his in his third year teaching. He rather liked the girl, quick and clever, and he remembers her struggling a long time to find the best weapon for her darts. Support kept giving her lots of mechanical weapons, making her over correct her shots and miss for a good half a year. It was Nezu who suggested she try a more classic blow dart weapon and she had taken to it immediately. She trusted her shot much more than a machine's calculated shot. She kept the

crossbow just in case. They've worked together a few times since she graduated and she has only improved since then.

Aizawa wasn't sure if he should make him more proud or kinda terrified on how smart Midoriya is. If this was only a few pages, god knows what's on the other pages. And he had at least a dozen of these books on his desk. Who knows who else was in there, every hero he had ever encountered was probably in those pages.

He might be in there too. It's not too far-fetched, the kid did recognize him on their first day- and he's never had a student do that before. Even the ones interested in underground work. If he didn't know Izuku as well as he did, he'd think this kid was undoubtedly dangerous.

Actually scratch that. He's definitely dangerous now. But his moral compass is pretty strong so he's not too worried about it. But he decided to leave that scary thought until another time and handed the papers back to Izuku, who quickly folded them up and put them in the notebook. He quickly closed the cover and pressed the notebook into his lap, grip tight and his hands still had slight tremors. "You said you taught yourself this?"

"Well I wouldn't say taught, it was more like a hobby. I didn't really have anybody to teach me since everybody found it really creepy. So I kinda just kept it to myself so I didn't catch more attention and make myself an even bigger target." The boy gulped nervously, "You saw what happened to this one when it was taken from me."

"That's another thing I wanted to talk to you about. Izuku, you and Bakugou both went to Aldera didn't you?" He asked. Izuku looked at him suspiciously, keeping his head low. "He did. We've been in the same school since we were little."

"At first I had thought you two had had some kind of rivalry, and aggressive rivalry but due to recent events i'm starting to think it's not. Tell me the truth, was Bakugou one of your tormentors?"

"N-"

"And don't try to lie to me, because some of those marks on your notebook and your back look a lot like his explosions." Izuku was silent, eyes avoiding his teacher at all costs. That was all the answer he needed, Aizawa felt anger both at himself for not looking into this sooner and at Bakugou. He knew the kid was violent, he'd been strongly advising him to try anger management. But this was a whole

other level. He should have realized sooner. He should have realized when Bakugou nearly killed Izuku during their first week on several occasions. But he just wrote it off as some childhood rivalry. “But it wasn’t his fault!”

“Elaborate.”

“The teachers and adults growing up always told Kacchan he’d become a hero. That he was to get everything he wanted and could act however he wanted. No one ever told him no. He was told he was better than everybody else, and that gave him the right to treat me the way he did. The teachers enforced it with their own attacks on me, praising Kacchan for putting me in my proper place. You know what happens when kids aren't told no. So you can’t blame him, at least not entirely.” The boy was practically begging, and Aizawa had to admit he was kind of right. The teachers obviously favored Bakugou, his record was clean as a whistle and it had struck him as odd when he first looked over it. The staff had kept all atrications from threatening his chances of coming to UA. “I understand what you're saying, he never had discipline. I could tell that from the moment we met. But Bakugou clearly should have known better that assault was wrong. No matter if the teachers encouraged it. He’ll have to be dealt with but I'll take what you told me into consideration.”

“He really has gotten better, Sensei. He’s not as bad as he was before, maybe a little angry still but good friends have really changed him.” The boy pleaded. Aizawa agreed, “You're right, and since the staff don’t tolerate his behavior he knows that he has to change. But he has tried to harm you a few times since coming here and that needs to be addressed.” Izuku nodded slowly against his chest. Aizawa could see the conflicting thoughts racing behind the boy’s emerald eyes and sighed. Always worried about others over himself, even if they had been cruel to him. “Izuku, it won’t be your fault if Bakugou gets in trouble, or anyone else during the investigation. You were a child that they abused and hurt just to make them feel stronger. But you know that people have to face the consequences of their actions.”

“I-I know that s-sir. It’s just. . .”

“Strange?”

“Yeah.” They were both quiet for a while, just comforting each other in the silence. Ruminating over their similar pasts. “You know I was bullied too.”

“What?”

“My childhood was a lot like yours, my classmates found my quirk scary. A quirk that could take away other quirks- even though technically i just turned them off for a few moments that was enough for them to think i was a villain. My bullies were a bit different than yours, they wouldn’t attack me directly but the whole school hates me. Harsh words behind my back and closed doors, stealing small things from my locker or leaving notes. Separating me from any kind of contact. I was constantly told I'd end up nothing but a villain. It was like that for a long time, even when I made it to UA before I transferred into the hero course. But I didn't let it stop me, I didn't let it dictate the rest of my life and actions. I want to help you not be affected by them either, because clearly it still does a lot more than you let on.”

“I know the feeling, people used to tell me I'd never be a hero. That my dreams were unrealistic and I'd just be in the way, a burden on the other heroes who were going to do their job. Even pro’s told me I should just give up and do something else. Honestly I believed them too, if it hadn’t been for. . . All Might coming back. . . i don’t know if I'd still be here. Him giving me his power was the only reason I'm useful, I know that. Even he knows that, but i guess he saw something in me.” Something about that statement didn’t sit well with Aizawa. He’d looked up the slime incident on the way over on the train, and honestly even then he wanted to chuck his phone across the car. Someone had gotten a video from a nearby building showing his problem child being the only one to try and save the Bakugou who was clearly suffocating. The only one to have an attack that was useful, instead of just waiting.

That's what he hated about heroes sometimes. They just wait for another hero since they can’t figure out a different way to use their quirk, leaving either the citizens or the villains to suffer. Then when this teen- child, he was a child that tried to save him not the adult heroes- finally All Might arrived out of nowhere. Then the heroes on the scene had the audacity- the audacity to scold Izuku for trying to save his friend when no one was doing anything. It was clearly harsh judging by the poor kid's face that looked miserable, while Bakugou seemed to be getting praised. For what he wasn’t sure.

But Izuku’s statement did not refer to this- and if it did it wasn’t the only part he was talking about. “You said come back? Did you and All Might meet before then?” Izuku froze for a moment before a hesitant yes whispered into the tense air, “The slime villain had attacked me

first when I was walking home from school. Thankfully All Might was nearby to save me. He had signed my notebook and was about to leave a few minutes later- I hadn't known about his limited time yet so I stupidly grabbed his legs to ask him to wait but then he took off taking me with him."

"Wait, you were attacked, nearly suffocated and he just left you there? Alone? Didn't call anyone?" The boy nodded and Aizawa could feel his anger start to boil. All Might didn't call any kind of medical team to check on a boy that nearly suffocated to death, and on top of that just left him there to get home on his own. He could have brain damage or internal injuries or some of that slime in his lungs and could have died after he left. It was basic rescue 101. He waved for izuku to go on before he said something stupid and the boy continued,"W-We had landed on a roof and i finally got the courage to ask him if- if i could be a hero." The mood dropped like a bucket of ice had been shoved down their backs, Aizawa felt horror and unbridled rage when the implications made themselves clear. "He said no. Didn't he?" No response but a slight nod. Green eyes glued to his lap, face looking utterly broken made the man seith in rage.

All Might told a child- *a quirkless child who had just nearly been killed*- that being a hero wasn't possible for him. To a child who obviously needed comfort, needed some kind of support, and All Might- Mr. Symbol of peace, this boy's role model- crushed it right before his eyes. Then Izuku's words echoed in his head "If he didn't come back. . . i might not still be here.`` The weight of that statement made Aizawa want to hurl. Just the thought that his kind hearted and selfless kid could have become a bloodstain on the street. Never making it past fifteen in this world that he felt was out to get him. Never making it to UA and plowing his way into his teacher's heart and his friends.

What would have changed if he had made that choice?

Todoroki might still be in his shell refusing to use his fire.

Iida might not have survived Stain's attack.

Eri might still be in Overhaul's clutches with several heroes dead.

But he didn't. Aizawa has to remember he didn't make that choice. He made the choice to live and become the man's successor despite all the pain it's caused him. So he swallowed his curses and laid a hand on the boy's head. "Well first of all, he was wrong. You would make an amazing hero even without his power. I'm sure you would have

found a way into my class eventually, whether it be the sports festival or just barreling into it like you always do. I have zero doubts about that."

"R-Really? You thought I could have been a hero?"

"I do. My parents told me when I was young, 'Let me be there for you, even if you don't want me to be there. I will always be in your corner when you do need me.' I want you to know that I will be in your corner, to help train you to the best of my abilities. Quirk or no quirk." The swirling thoughts seemed to finally settle as the teacher wiped away some final tears. The boy's cheeks and eyes were still red but his soft smile had returned as he leaned into the man's hand. "We may need to go into more detail about your past at a later date with the detective, but I'm too tired for that today. Did Fatgum bring anything that's actually good?"

"Y-Yeah. He brought some smaller snacks and even brought you some coffee. But Shinsou said you're not allowed to have coffee after seven because you'll never go to sleep."

"Traitorous son. Give me those pocky." Izuku laughed at his grumbling teacher who had used his scarf to pick up one of the boxes from the small basket. He handed Izuku some pears telling him to eat something healthy before he went to sleep. Izuku assured him he wasn't tired but he barely got through one pear before all that crying caught up to him and he passed out on the bed. Aizawa moved his food and notebook onto the small side table with his scarf as he adjusted the boy to a laying down position. With a soft smile he only ever used when no one was looking, he covered him with the blanket and with slight hesitation placed Todoroki's jacket- which was still here- over his shoulders too. He neatened up the basket of snacks and papers, quickly leaning Eri's crayon picture up so he would see it when he woke up.

The crayon drawing looked pretty standard for someone her age- she quite liked drawing and their fridge was covered in them. It was a picture of her and Izuku- if the green and red figures had anything to go by- standing next to each other holding hands. Surrounded by hearts, flowers and rainbows with big messy letters scrawled over the top. Her writing was improving as he could actually read the "Thank you hero Deku!" that was scribbled in green. Chuckling he flicked off the lights and left the curtains open just a crack to let the soft orange light still barely filter into the room. "Sleep well kid."

“G-good. . . night. . . Aizawa. . .” He heard just as he closed the door. He couldn’t help the warmth that filled his chest, softly caressing the temporary name placed on the door. He went to see the doctor to get an update and to calm his nerves. “Shouta? What are you doing here?”

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

> Im sorry I've been gone for so long! My school just had a big week of testing so I was just studying and trying not to break down from mental stress. So here you go! Things should be returning to a slightly more normal upload schedule!

"Shouta? What are you doing here?" He whipped around to see Tensei rolling down the hall as fast as possible to catch up to the man. He came to a quick stop at Aizawa's side and smiled, "You're not injured are you?"

"No, just visiting.You here for something?"

"Just a check up. Doc said I'm healing pretty well, I may even be able to have surgery to help me walk again. But they won't know for a few months or so. Need to watch me for a while longer."

"That's good." The two slowly made their way down the hall, "Who are you visiting? Is Hizashi in for something?"

"No, one of my students. He was hurt during a raid a few days ago."

"Oh I remember seeing that on the news, the whole building collapsed. I'm glad you're both alright, which student was it?" Aizawa raised an eyebrow at Tensei's questions, "What? If it's one of Tenya's friends I want to know."

"If he found out, then the rest of the class would find out. And he's not really up for visitors right now."

"Alright, alright, I yield. But I think I have a pretty good guess on who it is. That green haired kid right? The one that saved my little bro from Stain." Aizawa didn't say anything but gave him a little look. Tensei chuckled, "I never did get to thank him. I'll have to have Tenya drag him over one day so I can finally do so. That Todoroki kid too." The two talked a bit more until they parted at the doors.

The doctor said after a final healing session the next morning Izuku was free to leave the hospital. He also got a call from Tsukauchi saying he was free to come and take some things from the apartment. He sent a quick text to Hizashi asking if he could go and collect the

rest of the kid's things from the apartment tomorrow. He made a few more calls to the real estate company before collapsing in a chair next to Izuku's bed.

It's been a long couple of days.

But the kid was resting, safe and sound about to move in with them. Going to get the help he needs and finally get justice against the people who had tortured him. So with one final email sent to Nezu and Toshinori he finally closed his eyes. He needed all the sleep he could get, it would be a busy couple of days.

The next morning went quickly. The healer fixed the last of his cuts and his bandages were removed, after a few more tests just in case he was finally discharged from the hospital. They gathered his things and headed out to the car where Hizashi was waiting with Shinsou and Eri, the trunk filled with several boxes of Izuku's things. Eri gave him a quick hug and Shinsou a fistbump, Izuku happily settled in between them chatting away. Hizashi gave Aizawa a smile as they pulled out of the parking lot, "Alright kiddos, we're going to drop you guys off at the apartment and we're gonna go check out the house alright?"

"Alright." They replied before returning to their hyper conversation. The drive to the apartment was short and with equal efforts from everyone they moved all of Izuku's boxes into the living room. There weren't many, four boxes mostly filled with clothes and a few other trinkets. The kids took Izuku on a tour while Hizashi whipped up a quick breakfast for them. "How's he doing?"

"Last night was rough, but most of our suspicions were correct. I can't tell you everything, I don't want to break his trust, but I'll be having several meetings when we get back to classes."

"Expulsion?" Aizawa sighed into his coffee cup, "No, it would be illogical. Teachers have failed both Midoriya and Bakugou and it is clear that he's trying to change. But I will be having him take anger management with Hounddog plus community service." Hizashi just gave him a knowing hum and plated the eggs and bacon, giving him a small peck as he walked by. The three plates were put down with a glass of milk and juice just as Eri dragged Izuku into the kitchen. Shinsou just trailed behind holding one of their cats mango- a brown cat they had found in a dumpster. Radio, Piko, and Toast followed.

Piko and Toast were twin burmese cats, their black fur having been recently brushed and their bell collars jingling as they ran in at the

smell of food. Radio was an older Ragdoll, the first cat the pair had gotten when they moved in together some years ago. The twin cats were circling Izuku's feet while Radio just sat on the counter. "You guys already had breakfast. This isn't for you." Hizashi shooed the meowing cats from their small kitchen. Izuku gave each of them some head pats as they passed before shyly sitting at the table. "So we're heading out, don't burn down the apartment and don't let the cats destroy the apartment. We should be back in a couple hours. Call us if you need us." Hizashi gave Eri and Shinsou a kiss on the forehead, and to Izuku's surprise planted one on his forehead as they left the kitchen.
Izuku didn't move for a while, shocked at the show of affection. "You ok there Midoriya?"

"Huh? Oh, I'm fine. . . just surprised me I guess."

"Papa likes to give us lots of kisses, even if Hitoshi acts like he doesn't like it he really does. He told me so!"

"That's supposed to be a secret Eri, don't make me tickle you as punishment for this treachery." Shinsou threatened with his fork, but the little girl just stuck out her tongue. The two siblings continued to banter back and forth, Izuku just ate the warm food with a content smile on his face. He could get used to this.

Hizashi and Aizawa met up with the real estate agent in a little neighborhood just outside the main part of the city. "So you've had an eye on this house for a while huh?"

"Yeah. You and the kids deserve a house to live in, a real house and not that little apartment. I had been planning to buy it for you for our anniversary next month, the buyers had promised if we wanted it they would sell it to us."

"Oh Shouta, that's so sweet!" Hizashi caressed his husband's face as he gave him a big romantic kiss. He was so distracted that he didn't even notice that they had stopped at the end of the caldersack. "We're here."

"Hey wait, isn't this your parents house?" Hizashi asked when he saw the familiar two story house with a pink sakura tree sitting in the front yard. The garden was a vibrant rainbow of colors and the outside was still a soft cream. Hizashi dragged Shouta towards the tree, walking around the trunk until his hand ran over an inscription on the trunk.

S.A. + H.Y.

“Oh Sho do you remember when we carved this, that was so long ago. We had just graduated our third year at UA didn’t we?” the blonde leaned into his husband wistfully, still caressing the engraving of their initials.

He remembered sitting under this tree the night of their graduation, a small party happening inside with parents and friends. They had been watching the stars just enjoying each other’s presence when Aizawa suddenly reached into his pocket and pulled out a small pocket knife. He turned as the knife clicked open, “What are you doing Shouta?”

“Hold on a sec ‘Zashi." The young blonde watched his boyfriend knotch the knife into the tree's bark and slowly carve out his two initials. S.A. He then turned to Hizashi and smiled shyly, “I know I don't say it often enough as I should, but I love you Hizashi. More than anyone in the world and I can't imagine being with anyone else. Would you carve your name into this tree, and promise to be mine until we part.” Hizashi wasn;t sure if he wanted to tackle Shouta or cry happy tears. He embraced the shy boy planting a big kiss on his cheek while he took the knife. “Shouta, you may not say the words much, but you tell me you love me everyday in your own way. I couldn’t imagine being apart from you, and as soon as the right time comes I'll be putting a ring on that finger of yours. I would be more than happy to be with you until we part one day.” He graciously took the knife and carved his own initials right beside the other, a crooked H.Y. with a little plus in the middle. No words were spoken after that, just a warm embrace as they enjoyed the rest of their night with family and friends. And three years later, Hizashi did finally get a ring on Shouta’s finger.

“C’mon, mom and dad are waiting for us.”

“Do you think your mom made those chocolate chunk cookies? They’re my favorites.” Hizashi hummed, Aizawa just chuckled. “Knowing her, she probably made a whole batch just for you.” A few knocks on the door was all it took for it to swing open to reveal his mother.

Shira Aizawa. She was shorter than them, always had ever since Shouta had turned seventeen and his growth spurt kicked in. Despite the greying streaks in her charcoal hair she looked as youthful as ever, wrapped in her usual big cardigan that was softer than any cotton.

She immediately pulled the blonde into a large hug, giving her own son a kiss on the forehead once he leaned down. “Hello boys! It’s so nice to see you, you should have come around sooner.”

“Sorry Mrs. A, we’ve been pretty busy lately with the new term about to start, not to mention we’ve been handling bringing some more company.”

“Oh yes I heard, Shouta told me about the boy you're bringing in. Poor dear. Well come in, our agent will be coming around in a bit to talk about the sale. Your father is out back trying out his new hobby.” His mother chuckled, dragging them inside the warm house. Hizashi went to the kitchen to help with the snacks and probably where there's cookies. Aizawa smiled softly and trailed down the small hall that led to the backyard.

Shin Aizawa. His dad looked much older than his mother, his hair and beard turned silver and wrinkles started to appear under his eyes. But he was still the giant he always was. Shouta looked more like his mother than his father, not that he was complaining. But his height was definitely from his father’s side. He was painting, quite comical considering the brush looked so small in his large hands, making tiny strokes. Like if he squeezed just a bit to tight the wood would shatter. “How’s retirement treating you? Painting your new passion?”

“Honestly, no. I’m bored, your mother suggested painting but it’s not really my speed. I miss working.” His father grumbled. He used to work in a small factory as the head engineer, he loved his job but his parents had been planning to retire for a long time. They wanted to travel a bit and when they were going to sell their home they called Aizawa first, the man immediately jumped at the deal. “Well painting never really seemed your thing. Maybe there's something else you could try, didn’t you used to carve a lot when i was young. Those little figurines I put on my shelves.”

“I haven’t done that in years, my kit is stuffed somewhere in the attic. Maybe I should dig it out, make a little something for your little girl. Does Shinsou still have the cat I made him all those years ago?”

“Still sits on his desk.” The two men sat on the back deck overlooking the spacious backyard, something that became a tradition as Shouta grew older. Just to sit and talk, whether it be about life or simply the best way to fix a sink. “So, tell me about this new boy of yours. I heard his story, but I want to know about my new grandson.” Shouta couldn’t help but smile, knowing that his father already saw Izuku as

a grandson without even meeting. “He’s a strong kid, one of the most determined I've ever seen. He’s got a bright future as a hero, a good honest one. But he’s also kind, like the kid who would fight for others, be bloodied and bruised, but when it came to saving either himself or someone else, he’d choose to save the other person in a heartbeat. But he’s a little too ready to give himself up for the other person. But his past has made him that way.”

“He was quickless until recently, yes?”

“Yeah, his life hasn’t been great. Our stories are somewhat similar, and he needs people in his corner.” Shouta sighed a bit, turning to his father when the man put a large hand on his shoulder. “Well he had you and the boys, and he has us as well. But tell me, is this the same boy your always ranting about. The green haired one that saved Eri?”

“What was your first guess?”

“You seem to attract, what you call, problem children.” the older man chuckled heartily at his own joke. Shouta could only agree. They stayed out until his mother called them in since the realtor had arrived.

And in just an hour both Shouta and Hizashi had signed their names, and the house was there's. His parents were going to pack up their things and move to a smaller house farther outside the city, a little cottage where they can relax. They offered to help pack, promising to bring their growing brood to help with the heavier boxes. His mother was ecstatic, planning what to make for lunch and things to talk to Izuku about. Another hour later they left with big smiles, full hearts, and a warm box of cookies.

Thankfully the apartment had not been burned down and was still intact. The three were sitting in front of the tv watching a movie, although Shinsou seemed to be the only one still awake in the fuzzy fort. The tired teen turned when the door closed, greeting his parents and slowly climbed out of the fort. Eri was snuggled under a thick comforter, head on Izuku’s shoulder blade. All four cats were curled up on the boys back and legs, like four furry blobs. Izuku was asleep on his stomach, snoring lightly but seemed perfectly content even though he was being used as several things pillow.. Shinsou snuck into the kitchen to replenish his coffee, “Izuku made us dinner, left some for you in the fridge too. They’ve been out for about half an hour.”

“Everything went ok?”

“Yeah, Eri is a perfect distraction and practically begged to make the fort. Izuku seemed to get a little lost in thought but he didn’t seem to be upset. Now if you excuse me i must return to the fluffy heaven, and the cats are ours now don't try to take them.” Shinsou hopped back into the fort with his mug and leaned on Izuku as well, just so that their arms were brushing together. Hizashi couldn’t resist and took a picture of the cute scene squealing lightly. Aizawa pulled out the chicken curry and rice from the fridge, placing it in the microwave. “Sho, look at how cute our kids are.”

“Yeah ‘Zashi, I know.”

Chapter 7

The next day the family of five was driving back to their parents house- technically their house- to help them pack the moving truck they had rented. Hitoshi and Eri were excited to see their grandparents again, but Aizawa noticed that Izuku looked nervous. “What’s wrong problem child?”

“N-Nothing really. . . just a little nervous, I guess.”

“Don't be green bean, Grandma and Grandpa are super nice. Grandma might try to feed you to death but it’s so worth it.” Hitoshi teased, arm thrown around the teen next to him. Izuku frowned at the name but his nerves persisted, twisting the sleeve of Todoroki’s jacket- which he still had- between his fingers. “Hitoshi’s right little listener. Mr. and Mrs. A are super sweet, i know it may seem hard to believe because Shouta is so. . . blah.” Hizashi chuckled, keeping down his laughs as his husband sent him a small glare. Not meant to scare but just to be stubborn.

When they arrived their parents were waiting for them, his mother happily receiving Eri when she jumped out of the car. Hitoshi did the same, hugging the small women who grumbled about still being the shortest before hugging the large man who towered over him. Eri jumped into the man’s arms, squealing as she was lifted onto his shoulder like always. Hizashi went to greet them and bring the big pile of unfolded cardboard boxes, while Aizawa waited with Izuku who looked like he was going to flee at a moment’s notice. Keeping his head down he stood frozen in front of the car, twisting the jacket sleeve harder. “Izuku, what’s really the matter?”

“W-Well. . . my own grandparents hate me so. . i-i-’ve never known how to talk to them. I don’t want to bother them or embarrass you. I-I just don’t know what to do.” The greenette was shaking, eyes still glued to his shoes. Aizawa sighed, putting a hand in the green curls to turn his head. “Don’t worry about such illogical things, just treat them like anybody else. They’re excited to meet you and I can guarantee they will like you. I don’t think there's anyone you can’t charm.”

“But what if-”

“Just try taking it slow, introduce yourself and have small talk. No need to plunge so soon into unknown waters.” That seemed to calm the teen enough to start walking down the sidewalk up to the porch,

and shyly stuttered out his name and managed to keep his eyes on their faces and not the ground. His mother immediately pulled him into a soft hug, ‘It’s a pleasure to meet you dear! We’ve heard so much about you. But Shouta didn’t tell me how thin you were, I swear you boys don’t eat enough. Come on in and we’ll have a snack before we get started.”

“A-Alright ma’am.”

“Call me Grandma honey. Now are you allergic to anything because Shouta didn’t tell me if you did or didn't?” She asked as she ushered the boy inside, the two talking quietly as they walked into the kitchen. Eri quickly followed after she had jumped down from his father’s arms. Hitoshi followed a few moments later, with a lazy smile and hands stuffed in his pockets, “I better go make sure Grandma doesn't drown Izuku in food.”

“Good luck, I doubt mom will let him leave until he’s stuffed full. Although knowing him he probably could eat it all.”

“Right, the increased metabolism or whatever.” Hitoshi went inside leaving the two men on the porch again, his father spoke first. “Cute kid, not at all what i imagined him looking from all the stories i’ve heard.”

“Trust me, I know. But it turned out to be one of his best weapons, under that innocent face is the mind of a genius.”

“Well i’ll have to test him a little then.” His father laughed as they both entered the house. His father took the boxes and took them to the living room and Aizawa glanced into the kitchen at the excited chattering. His kids were all situated at the table as his mother served them some of her onigiri- one of her specialties. Hitoshi was eating his usual tuna and mushroom- a strange combination but it’s actually pretty good. Eri eating one filled with sweet bean paste, the rice having crept onto hew chubby cheeks. Izuku was at the end of the table, eyes filled with excitement as he ate an Onigiri that was topped with red powder.

That was his mother’s fire Onigiri. Tuna and cod mixed with a sauce so spicy it had made him throw up once when he was young. Only his mother had been able to eat it without working up a sweat, his father could only eat one. But Izuku had just finished his second since he entered the room and was completely fine. Happily grabbing another one under his mother’s insistence. This kid was just full of surprises.

“Dad, Izuku is a monster. He’s eating Grandma’s Onigiri, he’s eaten five so far.”

“Oh? Sorry i hadn’t realised i’d eaten that many.” The greenette flushed as he ate half of the onigiri in one bite. But his mother just waved her hands “Nonsense, i’m glad someone else enjoys these as much as i do. Have as much as you like. I could even teach you how to make it if you like.”

“Really? I’d love that.” He’d never seen his mother smile so hard. She slid him another plate of five before she went to check on Eri with a washcloth. Aizawa walked up behind them, swiping one from Shinsou’s plate ignoring his protests. “So you like spicy food problem child?”

“Yes sir, my aunt used to make this super spicy katsudon that was so good.”

“I never pegged you as a spicey guy. How hot can you actually go?” Hitoshi asked, clearly plotting. Izuku stopped to think, “Hmm. . . well i remember i once mistook some wasabi for avocado when we had sushi once and ended up eating all of it. It was actually pretty good but I think I scared my mom a bit.” Hitoshi just stared in shock before standing with arms up in triumph, “My brother is a spice god. We need to do more tests when school comes back, Lunchrush has a whole bunch of stuff we can use. Have you ever had a ghost pepper?”

“Can I play?” Eri asked excitedly, Aizawa immediately shook his head. “You're too young, and you tried to have a jalapeno the other day and could barely handle it.”

“Oh ok, can I watch?”

“You bet little sister, Izu’s gonna dominate.” His mother chuckled at the kid's antics and stood by her son, wrapping her arms around one of his own leaning on it. “He fits in just fine.”

“Yeah, yeah he does.”

After they had finished their snack they started the long packing process, Eri went with his mother to start packing up their clothes leaving the boys to start in the living room. Aizawa and Hitoshi were carefully moving the pictures and other trinkets, wrapping them in bubble wrap before placing them in a box. His father grabbed an armful of boxes from the hall under his arm, “Alright green bean, you’re pretty strong so you’re with me in the shed. Grab some gloves

and follow me.”

“Yes sir!”

“Be careful, that shed is covered in rust!” Aizawa called as the two disappeared outside, satisfied when he heard Izuku soft call back that they would be careful.

Izuku walked out with the older Aizawa, keeping in step right behind him as they walked out into the backyard. He stopped to admire the flowers and plants that lined the outer fence, “Your garden is very beautiful.”

“Thank you, Shira did all the work. I just water them.” The man gruffed, walking towards the far corner of the yard. Izuku would've missed it as just another part of the vine covered fence if it had not been pointed out to him. There was a medium sized metal shed, all turned a crusty copper behind the green leaves. “I haven’t been in this shed in a few years but we should take it down now. You got those gloves green bean?”

“Yes sir.”

“Good. we’re going to clean the front so we can open the doors.`` The large man tore a big chunk of the thick vines from the door and tossed it to a small pile awaiting a bag. The door was more rusted then they had anticipated, even the older Aizawa couldn’t pry open the doors. “I can get it sir.”

“By all means.” Izuku stepped up to the door, letting his power spark for a moment and brought his elbow down on the turning handle. It came off with a loud bang, its other half echoing inside. He then put his hand through the hole and pulled the door clean off its hinges, quickly doing the other one and placing the two copper doors out by the big trash dump the couple had also rented. Coming back quickly he suddenly froze nervously at the man’s slack jawed face. “Were we not getting rid of it? I’m sorry i didn't mean to break it i can pay you ba-”

“Aye none of that son, you just startled me a bit. You definitely are a lot stronger than you look. It’s the face. Come on, we've got more stuff to go through.”

“Y-Yes sir!”

“Call me pops bean sprout, sir makes me feel old.”

“A-Alright.”

The two worked for a few hours, pulling out rusted tools and junk filled boxes. A few garden tools were saved and some old trinkets were rediscovered, but most of the shed ended up in the garbage bin. Honestly it kind of felt like Izuku was cleaning up the beach all over again, but it was pretty fun. The older man happily told him stories of his work or Shouta as a young teen, they even talked a bit about his work. Shin had to admit the kid was smart, understanding all the engineering and science convo he sent out. “There’s a bag in here, it sounds like it's more tools.” the boy called, jogging out of the empty shed with a small leather bag in his hands. Shin had taken a seat on the deck so Izuku gave him the bag, “Well i’ll be damned, it’s my old carving kit. I’ve been looking for this.”

“Carving? Like wood and stuff?”

“It was an old hobby of mine, all those wooden figures you saw were made by me. I’ve been thinking of picking it up again.”

“Uwah! That's so cool! I’ve always wanted to try, but I never had the proper tools- or time.” Shin smirked and walked off to a box of things they were keeping, pulling out two small wooden cubes. Tossing one to the boy Shin sat down beside him.

The sun was setting and the rest of the guests had been starting to prepare for dinner, yet the two yard workers had yet to join them. “What are those two doing out there? They should be done by now.” Aizawa grumbled, hoping his father wasn’t working the poor boy too hard. “Why don’t you go check on them dear.”

“Alright mom.” Aizawa went to the door and cracked it open, finding his father and Izuku sitting practically shoulder to shoulder as their hands worked on something. His father was obviously talking and Izuku was intently listening with a smile on his face. “Now gently make the curve, don't press too hard or it won't be a smooth transition. There you go, good, good, now repeat on the other side.”

“What are you two doing? Mom’s making dinner.” The two jumped at his sudden voice, turning towards Aizawa finally giving him a peak at what they were working on. In both their hands were carving tools, and a general shape of. . . something. Aizawa smiled a bit that they were bonding, “You can continue that later, mom made her spicy curry. And plenty of it, says you need to eat more.”

“Oh alright! I don’t want to keep her waiting.” Izuku got up after he

put down the tool, quickly turning back to give his father a little bow. “Thank you for teaching me, it’s pretty fun.”

“No problem broccoli stalk.” Shin placed his own tools down and stood when Izuku disappeared into the house. Dusting off his pants of the shavings he turned a bit to his son, “Your boy’s pretty good with his hands, despite how damaged they are. A little shaky but I've never had anyone who showed so much interest in everything I said.”

“He’s like that with everyone, the other teachers love him. You could read him a bank report and he’d still be interested in every word. Thank you dad, I haven't seen him so relaxed since I've known him.”

“No need to thank me, it’s the art you should thank. Even simply carving can calm one's nerves when you focus on the smaller details and not the big pictures.” They didn't say anything else as they made their way into the kitchen, Izuku had already sat down in between his new siblings. A big plate of steaming rice and curry given to him by his mother, all of them smiling and laughing. HIzashi would be off work in about half an hour and would join them.

To Aizawa, this was perfect.

After dinner they had all sat in the living room just chatting over hot chocolate and coffee. His mother showing some old picture books they had dug up to Izuku and Hitoshi, Eri was playing at his father’s feet with her coloring books. He and Hizashi were sitting together on the loveseat talking to his father, leaning together under a blanket. Hours later and three picture books later the three kids were starting to nod off, the couple found that as their que to leave. Hizashi took Eri and Aizawa coaxed the two boys up from their spot on the floor to say goodbye. Hitoshi gave them bleary eyed hugs and took the small pile of food containers to the car. “One moment, brussel boy.” Shin called out to the greenette, placing a leather bag into his hands. “But this is-”

“These are made for a young man’s hands, and I need someone to use and care for them for me.”

“I will. . . thank you pops.`` The greenette gave the large man a hug around his middle, moving to his mother. “Thank you for the food grandma.” He spoke shyly as he bowed and ran to the car. The four adults just smiled, his father clearly trying to hide some tears. “Are you alright dear?”

“Y-Yeah, just gets me everytime.”

They bid their farewells, promising to be at their beck and call for the rest of the packing- luckily they had finished most of it. They would move in in a week. And the car ride home was as quiet as a church, the pair's three angels passed out in the back seat.

Chapter 8

The move went well, Shinsou and Izuku decided they wanted to share the large attic and the two spent the day dusting, sweeping and painting. All the while jamming to the radio with the cats watching. Eri took Aizawa's old bedroom that was across from the master, where he and Hizashi were going to sleep. Having a kid with super strength definitely comes in handy when moving all the heavy boxes and furniture, they didn't even need to hire a moving crew.

Inko's trial had finally been set, going to be a week after the new term started. Luckily Tsutaukuchi was pretty sure Izuku shouldn't have to even go to the trial if he didn't want to, as long as he gave a statement to be recorded the the detective. But izuku wanted go, as to get the last bit of closer he needed. So they set a date. Izuku would give his statement a few days before the trial with Hounddog and himself present just in case. Speaking of Hounddog, the counselor was waiting for the duo to arrive at the school for their first session. The counselor met them at the gate, Aizawa had some work to address for school the next day so they parted ways. He would be back in about an hour or so leaving plenty of time for their session. "Give me a call if you end early or need anything. And remember you can tell Hounddog anything, whether it be about your family, situation, or your power."

"Aizawa is correct pup, anything you tell me stays with me unless i deem it a danger to you or another person. But otherwise anything you tell me is strictly confidential." the man gruffed, Izuku just hesitantly nodded and followed after the man. Aizawa parted and headed to the teachers lounge.

He and Toshinori needed to talk.

Right now

He practically burst into the lounge immediately spotting the lanky blonde sitting at his desk reading his teaching book. He rather loudly dropped his pile of papers on his desk drawing the blonde's attention, "You, me, meeting room. Now." He left no room for argument and as soon as toshinori sat down in the meeting room Aizawa slammed the door closed and stalked up to him like a predator. "You and I have a lot to talk about. But let's start with the simple one. Why didn't you tell me that you passed on your power- a power that can literally make someone explode- to a fifteen year old who had zero quirk training previously."

“Young Midoriya told you about One for All? I told him he can not share it so carelessly, it is not his secret to share.”

“False. Midoriya is entitled to tell whoever he wants about the quirk he inherited, it’s his quirk now, not yours. His to control, his to use, his to tell or keep secret. You need to understand that because he was about to have a panic attack when I found out, thinking you would be angry at him and try to take it back.” The sound of Aizawa’s pound on the table still rang in the air, Toshinori silent in shock, jaw open like he was trying to find the words but they choked in his throat. “You could have just told me it came in late, I didn't need to know about this whole One for All business, but my student has been gravely injuring himself because you didn’t tell me about it. And he was too terrified to ask me or any other adult for help.”

“I see my mistake now Aizawa, but we could not risk anybody else knowing about it.”

“Others? Who else knows that Midoriya inherited your quirk?”

“Gran Torino, Nezu, Tsukauchi, and I believe young Bakugou has a pretty good clue.” Aizawa could already feel the headache forming. “Does Midoriya know that they all know?”

“Yes.”

“We’ll talk more about that later. I have another question for you. And so help me god if you lie to me not even Nezu can save you.” Aizawa growled, “You met Midoriya when you saved him from a villain- which by the way you didn’t call any kind of medical help after he nearly got suffocated to death? That’s hero one o’ one, you're lucky he didn't get brain or internal damage. But when this scared child tried to get you to stay, to need some kind of hope, when he asked you if he could be a hero, what did you say to him?”

“Aiz-”

“What did you tell him?” Toshinori hesitated before hanging his head in shame, “I told him that he couldn’t be a hero without a quirk, he would just get in the way and be a liability. I suggested he try to find a job that was more realistic, like a doctor or a police officer. I was trying to keep him safe.”

“Safe? You crushed his dream- a child who clearly was traumatized and in need of assurance from a hero he admired- then once you were done you left him on a rooftop. Alone. Do you realise what your

carelessness could have caused if that had tipped Midoriya over the edge? He might not be here. He might not be here because you decided protecting your secret was more important than saving a child who was obviously calling out for help." The look on Toshinori's face tells him he didn't even think about that, of what could have happened. He looked guilty, like he had just hurt a civilian during a battle, face dark as it sat in his hands. But Aizawa was too upset to care about his guilt. "I'm going to be honest with you, i didn't want you to get this job. For lots of different reasons. You're not a teacher, you don't have a license or have taken any classes on how to teach properly, and it shows. If you put my students in more danger I don't care why you're here, successor or not. I will try my hardest for Nezu to get rid of you. Second, I will be joining your class now until I deem you well suited enough to teach on your own. Do you understand?"

"Yes Aizawa I understand."

"Good. Now you are going to tell me about One for All, because obviously you haven't told Midoriya everything. Which you will do sooner or later or I will." That was all it took for the man to spill everything, from the history to his mentor, to the ultimate bad guy he had been trying to defeat. Aizawa was so lost in his anger the longer and longer he spoke, he gave a power to a fifteen year old that one of the most dangerous villains in the world was after. But he felt slightly better that he hadn't given Izuku the power knowing One For All was alive. After he was done he didn't spare the blonde a glance as he left, still fuming and needing some space before he went to pick up Izuku from Hounddog. He wasn't sure if he needed a nap or to throw something.

Probably both.

He ended up using his anger to get everything set up for class the next day and talk to Nezu about Aldera's investigation. The principal had compiled a bunch of footage from the school and had given it to Aizawa to give to Tsutakuchi or watch if he wished.

He decided to do it when he and Hizashi were alone, because if he watched it now he might chuck the laptop out the window. Dropping the rest of his pop quiz papers into his drawer for tomorrow morning he had managed to put a cap on his anger, the building pressure calm enough not to explode at the slightest irritation.

Aizawa had might it right on time as Hounddog and Izuku were coming out of the office, both smiling and Izuku seemed much more

relaxed then he did earlier that day. Like some weight had been removed from his shoulders. That was then enough to simmer his rage, the light look in Izuku's eyes brought him some peace. "Hey kiddo, how did it go?"

"Really well I think. . . i definitely feel much better."

"Midoriya did a wonderful job, I was hoping we could have another session in two or three days."

"I think it's a logical decision. Thank you Hounddog." Aizawa gave his college a quick handshake while Izuku gathered his bag. The counselor gave Aizawa a reassuring look, one that promised that everything went well. They made their way out to the loud yellow car, "How about we get some milkshakes for everyone on our way back?"

"R-Really? I've never had one before."

"Well I think it's time we remedy that. There's a good hole in the wall place not too far from here."

Coffee for Aizawa, Chocolate for Shinsou, two orange creams for Hizashi and Eri, and a simple Strawberry for Izuku. Not a bad ending for the day. Aizawa had a sneaking feeling that tomorrow was going to be a rough day. But cuddling up to his husband while his three kids played cards on the floor sipping their milkshakes put his racing mind at ease. "You've got something on your mind. I can always tell because you furrow your eyebrows, you gotta stop or you'll have wrinkles by the time you're thirty-five."

"Just thinking about tomorrow. I'll have to talk to Bakugou about Aldera and his behavior. I have a feeling it won't go well."

"Perhaps, but you'll be able to handle it. It won't be too bad. Relax love."

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

> Finally we've come to a close, fitting for Christmas Day don't you think?

Shinsou found he really liked Izuku as a brother, and sharing the attic had been a great idea. They got along perfectly, they had the same type of humor and love for cats. And with their similar pasts they were able to relate to each other a lot more than other people. It was nice to have someone that understood you. He just wished they had become friends sooner, but he only had himself to blame for that one. Izuku had told him about his past a few days after he arrived, obviously not everything, but enough for Shinsou to understand he was quirkless for a long time.

He felt even more shitty when he thought back to what he said at the festival, but Izuku just brushed it off. Shinsou would make it up to him, he promised.

Their beds were across from each other, pushed against the two walls on either side of the room so they could see each other. They'd spent the whole day arranging the rest of their furniture in the surprisingly big attic; they ended up connecting their desks that were comically split. Shinsou had immediately covered his small window with a thick curtain and izuku put up his few posters on the wall. "Is that an Eraserhead poster? Where in the world did you find that?"

"Oh uh, I made it."
.
.
.
"Could you make me one?"

"Sure." Izuku squeaked out, embarrassment on his face. But it was nice. Shinsou was a little sad they had to move back into the dorms so soon. There was still a little bit of awkwardness but they'd taken to each other's presence like fish to water. At the moment they were just laying in their corresponding beds, Shinsou was playing with the cats with a little wand and Izuku was on his stomach writing in his notebook. The soft scratches of pen on paper stopped suddenly making the tired teen look up, "You ok?" Izuku took a moment to respond and turned back from the small window ,when he did his eyes

stayed at the green sheets. “It’s nothing. . . i’m just nervous about tomorrow.”

“Why? You’ll be back in the presence of your friends and that darling boyfriend of yours.”

“It’s not that. Aizawa is going to have to talk to Bakugou, which means he’ll find out that my mom is going to go to jail. I know he’s going to try and seek me out to blame it on me, that it will be my fault that my mother is going on trial. And who knows what he’ll do this time.” Shinsou saw his shaking hands that clutched his shoulder- he’d seen the large burn scar a few days ago when he brought Izuku a new shirt when Eri accidentally spilled apple juice on him. He hadn’t said anything about it, he knew better then to ask now. He picked up Radio and placed her on his back, then sat beside him with a big sigh, “Don’t worry to much, dad won’t let that dumb blonde get to close. Neither will I and I doubt your boyfriend will either. If it makes you feel safe you can come sit with me at my table, bring your friends too if you want. I’m gonna get in that class sooner or later so I might as well start making some friends.”

“I-I’d like that. Thank you Shinsou, that means a lot to me.” The greenette sniffed, wiping his tears with his pajama sleeve. “You're a really good brother.” He whispered, so quiet Shinsou nearly missed it. But he did. And he ruffled Izuku’s curls and leaned on him, just to annoy him and said “You not too bad either bro.” The two burst into laughter at their antics, completely unaware of the blonde watching them from a crack in the floor door with a fond smile and a camera. Once their laughter had died down Izuku spoke again, “Last night of break movie marathon?”

“You bet, I'll grab my laptop.”

The next day they gathered some last needed things in suitcases like clothes and homework to take back to the dorms. Shinsou tried to decide what sweater to bring, listened to Izuku and brought both and Aizawa stopped him from sneaking the cats. Izuku packed most of his small wardrobe and his notebooks and art pencils- which Hizashi had dug out when he saw that Izuku liked to draw the hero’s in his book. Eri just packed some stuffed animals and crayons in a bag since she spends the day at UA and goes home with whichever parent has the night off from dorm watching duty. She too tired to take a cat but Hizashi caught her before she could stuff Mango into her bag.

The school there was filled with chatter and slight road rage on Hizashi's part when he saw some guy spreading down the neighborhood road. The rest of the drive was pretty normal. Hizashi dropped them off at the gate- they were the first ones at the dorms- and the two teens decided to go check out Izuku's dorm room. Aizawa just chuckled as the two quickly walked off, determined to send as much time together as possible before school. He was glad the two got along, but was also slightly afraid of what will happen when Shinsou takes his surprise entrance exam in a few weeks. He'd be replacing Mineta if he gets a high enough score- which he will- and Mineta will get moved to the general studies.

Does Mineta know this? No. Will he know before it's too late? Also no. Honestly he'd been wanting Mineta out of the class since the first few weeks but his father was on a board of directors of a big news company, Nezu suggested that he be transferred under. . . less upsetting circumstances. (He was also on a slight expulsion ban since he expelled a whole class the year before.) They've been planning this for a while since Aizawa started training Shinsou after he failed the exam.

Todoroki showed up next with a simple backpack and duffle bag, he greeted his teacher who gave a small hand motion in return. The dual haired boy also headed in the direction of Izuku's dorm room. A few minutes later his phone dinged, Hitoshi had sent him a picture. It was Izuku and Todoroki sharing a soft kiss, Shinsou was in the corner of the picture making a gagging motion.

He chuckled and saved it to his secret folder. That's where all his favorite pictures wen't.

As well as the blackmail. But we didn't need to talk about that, some of Nezu's habits had rubbed off on him.

It wasn't long before more kids started to show up and the dorms were once again filled with mindless chatter and yelling. Bakugou showed up towards the end of the morning and Aizawa made sure to watch him like a hawk as he walked to the elevator. He didn't really trust Bakugou at this moment, thankfully the blonde was on a different floor than Izuku. He'd pick up the angry blonde right before class so they could go talk and snipe would handle the first period.

Deciding to nab him right at the doorway of heights alliance he grabbed him by the back of the collar and told him to stay. "We have to talk."

“Why! I didn’t do shit!”

“That is to be determined, come with me." They made their way to Nezu’s office where the stout was waiting for them while going over the footage from Aldera. While the principal didn't tell him directly what he had seen, the far away look in his eyes told him enough. The door opened before they could knock, “Good morning Aizawa, good morning Bakugou, please sit. We have much to discuss.”

“I didnt do fucking shit, why am i here?”

“Well get to that in just a moment Bakugou, first you should be aware of some things before we begin.” Bakugou just huffed and dropped himself into one of the chairs. Aizawa stayed standing, trying not to pace so he leaned against the wall. The blonde eyed his drumming hands and at the principal’s strained smile. “For one it is up to you if you want us to call your parents to attend this meeting. If you wish, I will call them now and see if they can join us.”

“I don't need my old hags here, just get on with it.”

“Alright, if you change your mind let me know.” Nezu took a deep breath, “Over the break Aizawa had discovered some concerning behavior in one of your classmates, Midoriya.”

“What do I care about the nerd?”

“It was discovered that his mother had abandoned Midoriya and evidence of prior neglect has been seen. She is to be on trial in a week, you clearly have a somewhat familiar connection so we wanted to ask you about-” Nezu was cut off by Bakugou jumping to his feet in a rage, “What do you mean Aunty Inko is going on trial? What did that shitty Deku say? Whatever it was, it's a lie, Aunty Inko would never.”

“Yes, thank you for your opinion. But unfortunately this is the truth, Mrs. Midoriya had fled to her parents' home and left Izuku a note explaining her abandonment. We also found evidence of her withholding necessities from Izuku as well as emotional abuse. She has also confessed to neglect and abandonment when she was questioned in the station. But we are only informing you since the detective will be by to ask you some questions. We have slightly more concerning matters to talk about, and you young Bakugou, are at the center.” The stout’s face was blank as he turned the screen, Aizawa couldn’t see his face but his shoulders tensed as if he’d seen a ghost.

On the screen was a grainy image of Bakugou holding Midoriya up by the collar as smoke rose from his fist. Both were dressed in their middle school uniforms. “Izuku’s neglect at home was not the only thing we discovered. It’s come to our attention that you, and most of your old middle school were subjecting this boy to severe bullying and assault. If the scars on his back are anything to go by, you were a main one of these tormentors.” Aizawa stared blankly, but the edge in his voice gave away how angry he was. Bakugou didn’t bother to turn around, still in shock, gripping the armrests like he was trying to ground himself. Nzu turned the screen back and continued. “Before now we had assumed you and Izuku had some kind of aggressive rivalry or at least some history, but this is very concerning. I have cross referenced all of the incidents Izuku was given for fights, tardies, absences, missing work and bad behavior with the footage the school provided for me.. All incidents which have been caused by you and his old peers. While your record was kept clean as a whistle.”

“W-What?”

“They were making Izuku take all the blame for being attacked and assaulted, even outright encouraging and purposefully making him a target of your peers' abuse. You are at the top of that list.”

“Are you going to expel me?” Bakugou was strangely quiet, voice wavering a bit as he kept his head down. “I should. We have multiple accounts of illegal quirk usage, both in public and on a person- which could equal ail time. Hundreds of accounts of personal property damage, theft, suicide baiting, assault, and lots more. I should expel you and blacklist you so you can’t get into any hero course ever again for what you did to that boy. Not to mention you continue to attack and verbally attack him for merely existing nearby.” Aizawa stalked forward, voice growing more and more angry, Bakugou just kept his head down as his shoulders started to shake. “But I won't.”

“What?”

“It’s clear that the teachers failed you both by allowing you to continue your behavior. But it’s clear you're trying to change, I see it, the staff sees it, even Izuku see’s it. You realise that what you’ve been doing is wrong and you're clearly showing remorse. That, and If you did get expelled Izuku would blame himself for it, that it was his fault you lost your dream.`` The blonde looked so confused, looking between his teacher and Nezu before dropping his head into his hands. “That damn nerd, always saving me when he should just leave me the hell alone. Even now after all I've done to him, he pleads for

me to be saved. Dammit!”

“You're still a child Bakugou, you have plenty of time to change. You're already doing so by feeling upset about what you’ve done in the past. That doesn’t mean you won't be receiving punishment.” Nezu said, slightly lighter than before as he pulled out a few folders, “You will be required to take anger management with Hounddog three times a week, all the while you will be on strict quirk probation until he deems you worthy to continue. You will still go to classes and participate in drills but otherwise you will be sitting out. Once you’ve been deemed worthy of lifting the ban you may participate in class again. Also you will be given essay topics on hero etics to complete during those training sessions. Along with some community service around the school and house arrest this is all.”

“But break one of these rules and you will be moved to general studies with no way back into the course. Do not take our or Izuku’s kindness as a joke. Do you understand?”

“Yes sensei.”

“Good, you will work out the logistics here for a while and return to class when you're done.”

“Sensei?”

“Yes Bakugou?” Aizawa paused at the door to look back at the blonde who’s eyes were still at his lap, “With the case against Aldera. . . could-could. . . is there anything I can do to help?” Aizawa didn’t know why he was surprised anymore, but he felt a bit of hope for the blonde. “You could give your testimony to Tsutakuchi when he comes. And I'm Izuku. I would be very happy if you did.”

“Yeah, whatever.”

Maybe Hizashi was right, today wouldn’t be too bad.

Bakugou ended up giving his testimony, both about Inko and Aldera. The trial had gone by in a flash, barely lasting a few hours as Inko had already confessed. Inko was charged on all counts and would be going to jail with community service for the next seven years, then after that she might be able to have visiting privileges if Izuku so desired.

Aldera was closed and every staff member was charged, whether the school would reopen was to be seen.

Legal guardianship officially went to Aizawa and Hizashi, who were happy to have the greenette finally be theirs. Eri and Shinsou were ecstatic. Izuku bid his mother farewell after the trial and went back to their home, tears of happiness as a huge weight on his shoulders was lifted.

Coincidentally a certain fire hero's abuse had also been brought to light by an unknown source, his mother having been cleared as healthy a long time ago. So with endeavour arrested, she could return home. The family of four even ended up moving to a house not far from them as their mansion was too big for them.

Izuku had never been happier. He was loved by a big family, a loving boyfriend, and he and Bakugou had started to heal as friends. Everything was going to be ok.

He could finally take a deep breath.

crash!!

Or maybe not.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!